

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3939. Vol. 151
FOUNDED 1855

25 April 1931

Price Sixpence

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher. The paper is dispatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE week before the Budget is normally a quiet one in Parliament, and this year has been no exception to the rule. Apart from agreeing in principle to the Sunday opening of cinemas, the House of Commons has been debating the Government proposal to restrict the use of motors at elections, and notice has been given of a private member's Bill to legalize lotteries, so long as they are conducted by an approved charity.

On the general matter of lotteries, Mr. Clynes is still making up his mind, or rather, he is still in

the process of having it made up for him. He states that the evidence which has so far reached him is on the whole adverse—a fact which makes one wonder how he selects it. Lotteries are, no doubt, technically illegal, but the number of people engaged in buying and selling tickets is so great that it is difficult to suppose any general objection exists on the score of morals.

In the House of Lords the Peers emasculated the Land Utilization Bill, which provided for the establishment of large-scale experimental and demonstration farms, and which was also recommended to the Labour Party as a measure to reduce unemployment. The case against the Bill was

SONG OF THE WHEATFIELDS

By Ferenc Mora 7s. 6d.

RALPH STRAUS says: "I found the whole book very much to my taste and can warmly recommend it."

PHILIP ALLAN, PUBLISHERS, LONDON.

argued on the ground of economy; and the Government, through the Prime Minister, are threatening revenge by a People versus Peers campaign—in which, no doubt, Mr. Lloyd George would join.

While the passing of the second reading of the Sunday Performances Bill had generally been regarded as a foregone conclusion, the majority of forty-eight is nearly double the expectations of the industry, which anticipated a much closer shave. The principle of local option embodied in the measure is, as I have already pointed out, by no means ideal, but since it has worked reasonably well up to the present, there seems no reason to suppose that it should not continue to function. As to the Government's handling of the measure, the less said the better; the "courage" for which the Home Secretary pleaded on Tuesday night has been conspicuously lacking throughout both in him and his Ministerial colleagues.

One result of the lengthy and embittered controversy on the measure has been to give us a new orientation in regard to Sabbatarianism. On the one hand, both religious bodies and individual clerics have announced themselves in favour of Sunday opening; the Vicar of St. Peter's, Piccadilly Circus, preaching at St. Paul's on Sunday, enunciated the common-sense doctrine that: "What is right on Monday cannot be so very wrong on Sunday," and that "We must not add to the sins of the world."

On the other hand, it must be added that, in addition to the determined opposition of such bodies as the Lord's Day Observance Society, wide publicity has also been given to the view that Sunday film performances should only be tolerated if the whole of the proceeds are given to charity. The logical extension of this doctrine would be to insist that all the money received by the railways, omnibuses and trams on Sundays, together with the takings on the same day of tobacconists, restaurants, and, presumably, newsagents, should also be devoted to charitable purposes.

In one important respect the second reading of this measure deserves more attention than it has received. M.P.s were subjected to an intensive campaign of lobbying by letter, telegram, postcard, and personal interview. Indeed, the pressure, mainly by the Sabbatarians, was of such a nature as to lead to strong complaints of intimidation. Since the size of the majority is known to have been partly due to the reaction of Members against this campaign, the lesson will perhaps not be lost on those outsiders who seek to influence our legislators in the performance of their duties.

The first stage of the Spanish Revolution is over, and it remains to be seen what the second will be. The present rulers of Spain are moderate enough, but I cannot help feeling that the real testing time has yet to come, and then the world will be able to judge whether Señor Zamora is a Thiers or merely a Kerensky. It is all very well to say that the revolution is to be political and not social, but experience shows that such upheavals invariably unloose forces which it is extremely difficult to control.

The Communists in the Peninsula are not numerous, it is true, but then the same was the case in Russia on the morrow of the Czar's overthrow, and indications are not lacking that Moscow is determined to exploit the present situation to the utmost. At the moment, the most fertile fields for Red propaganda are Catalonia, where the extremists control the Unions, and Andalusia, where the peasantry have been clamouring for the division of the big estates for over half a century, and where a *Jacquerie* is by no means improbable.

The application of the federal principle is also likely to raise considerable difficulties, not least in the realm of finance, and the Republic would do well to reflect upon the position in Australia. Spanish credit has stood relatively higher since the war than it did before, but I do not see a great rush in this country or in the United States to take up a loan for the Generalidad of Catalonia or any of the other units into which Spain seems about to be divided.

Religious affairs may well be another stumbling-block. A separation of Church and State might, indeed, be amicably arranged, with a certain amount of goodwill on both sides, but the establishment of civil marriage and divorce, upon which the Left is sure to insist, will prove far more contentious. Then there is the problem of the Religious Orders, who are none too popular, even with their secular brethren, and for whose expulsion voices have already been raised.

Lastly, there is the army, for I see no reason to suppose that *pronunciamientos* necessarily came to an end with the monarchy. For years past, every Spanish general has felt that he had a mission to save the country, and the absence of a king will remove what little restraint existed in this connexion. The last republic ended its career as a military dictatorship, and I should not be surprised if history were to repeat itself, especially in view of the example of Spanish America.

My Berlin correspondent writes: "Herr Brüning's prestige in his own country has been further enhanced by the British Government's invitation to visit Chequers at the beginning of June. This invitation has fulfilled a useful purpose by dispelling to some extent the idea prevalent in Germany that the German Government is not regarded as an equal by the Governments of the European Great Powers. The feeling that Germany had been relegated to the position of a secondary power played an important part in creating that atmosphere of hopelessness which is largely responsible for the growth of political radicalism."

"In spite of the undoubted strengthening of Herr Brüning's position, it would be a serious mistake to take an unduly optimistic view of German internal affairs. It is true that the present Chancellor has been successful in gaining the confidence of the Moderate sections, both of the bourgeois parties and the Social Democrats, but unfortunately the adherents of the Moderate parties continue to decrease in numbers to the advantage of the Radicals Right and Left."

"The spectacular development of the National Socialist movement has attracted public attention to such an extent that the rapid growth of Communism is apt to be overlooked. In the opinion of careful observers, a General Election held at the present time would return a Reichstag in which the Communists and the Nazis would be the strongest parties. It is an open question which of the two Radical movements would return the larger number of delegates."

There is a touch of paradox about Sir Thomas Beecham's suggestion that the cause of national opera in England will be furthered by a season of operas performed in Russian. But, as is usually the case in musical matters, Sir Thomas is right. These Russian operas are national, are indeed perhaps the only works of entirely national art produced in any country since Shakespeare wrote his Histories. And their effect in quickening English musical aspiration is not likely to be the less because the nationalism which these operas reflect has now vanished as utterly as the snows of yester-year.

An irreverent friend writes: "When Epstein's 'Genesis' was in London she was visited by the usual tiny percentage of the population which frequents art galleries. But she has stirred Manchester to the depths; at least ten thousand visitors inspect her daily; and so great is the press that a charge of sixpence is to be made on Friday. There is a hint of criticism in the choice of day, though whether artistic or theological I am not quite sure; for according to the orthodox computation, Friday was the day on which God made man in his own image."

The Town and Country Planning Bill will presumably become law, but where are the town and country planners? There could hardly be a more elementary problem than that of throwing a bridge across the central reach of a river bisecting a capital, but Charing Cross has stumped most of us.

The new Bill contemplates a mass of authorities with ultimate wisdom lurking somewhere in Whitehall. That means the rule of the expert, and I am far from underrating his value. But in the last resort it is public opinion which will determine the appearance of England next century; and public opinion is not yet properly alive to the significance of Mr. Greenwood's Bill.

Lord Strathcona's allusion to Mr. Baldwin as a reincarnation of Disraeli strikes me as on the whole the worst parallel I have ever read. Mr. Baldwin has many excellent qualities and some defects; and so, no doubt, had Disraeli. But the excellences and defects of the one are certainly not the excellences of the other, whether in the quality of leadership, thought, speech, subtlety of mind, or approach to great issues. Even the Primrose League should do better than this.

Somehow, my withers are unwrung at the thought of Labour Ministers having to go as far afield as their clubs in order to verify their quotations. There ought, of course, to be a good working library at 10 Downing Street, but hardly, I think, in the Cabinet room. That is the place

for political decisions, not for literary allusions, though a harassed Premier with a Cabinet divided about tariffs and socialism in our time and what not, may well be tempted to try to find out what Mr. Gladstone really did say in 1874.

Once again the B.B.C., through its Advisory Committee on spoken English, has added to the gaiety of nations by the compilation of a fresh guide to pronunciation. Some of its recommendations, such as that of "playjiarism," and "pwissance" for puissance, will be hotly criticized, even if they are adopted as the standard by announcers. The plain man may welcome information as to the pronunciation of "astragal," a word of whose meaning I am ashamed to say I am ignorant, but what is the sense of telling the majority of listeners that embonpoint, enceinte, and entente should be pronounced "as in French"? Since Mr. Bernard Shaw is the president of the Advisory Committee, some of its recommendations may be in the nature of leg-pulling.

I find it difficult to follow the argument of the Bishop of Peterborough, that the Church must refuse to remarry the innocent party after divorce. Marriage is not a sacrament according to the Church of England—it has always perplexed me that it is not—and it is not, in fact, indissoluble according to the State. The case can therefore be argued on purely ethical grounds.

Nobody, of course, would wish a clergyman to violate his conscience by asking him to officiate at a marriage of which he disapproved (though he must, one would imagine, disapprove of a good many marriages which he can find no reason either in canon or State law to forbid). But to penalize the innocent equally with the guilty strikes me as being at once doubtful in morals and dangerous in practice.

The "Drink more Milk" campaign, which started in the *Daily Express* this week, may furnish as interesting an example of the effect of propaganda as the "Eat more Fruit" campaign of three or four years ago. The latter was highly successful, but I fancy that it will be more difficult to get the ordinary man or woman to drink a glass of milk with their meals than to eat an apple or an orange at breakfast or after dinner.

In the first place, milk gives some people indigestion. In the second place, it makes others too fat. In the third place, the only milk that has the full nutritive value is the certified variety; but this is expensive, and, generally speaking and unless it is medically ordered, the public refuse to pay the extra price for the first-rate article.

Rochester has been called vulgar for flood lighting its keep, but I fancy that the illuminated keep has been noticed by people who never otherwise glance at it. If the City churches were flood lit in winter, and so seen by City folk on their way home, they would realize much more fully what London would lose by their demolition. Indeed, it would be no bad thing if the Fine Arts Commission or some such body would select the buildings worthy of the compliment of flood lighting. The buildings which Londoners now see at night are hardly those best worth seeing.

THE FIGHT FOR THE ROADS

IT is a constitutional maxim among the English-speaking peoples that no man may be deprived of his property or livelihood without due process of law. The theory remains; in practice it is possible for bureaucrats, answerable only to a Minister of State, who is himself not answerable either to the Legislature or the Courts, to deprive a man of his livelihood.

If anyone believes that the above is exaggerated, let him study the present proceedings before the new Area Traffic Commissioners as reported in the Press. These Commissioners were set up under last year's Road Traffic Act, and have replaced the County Councils and other elective bodies as the licensing authorities for omnibuses and motor coaches. It was sought to justify the extremely wide powers given to the Commissioners in the sacred name of co-ordination; actually, as was evident on the most cursory study of the measure, the Commissioners can by a stroke of the pen run a service off the roads, bankrupt its owner, and deprive the public of travelling facilities.

All licences for public service road transport vehicles lapsed from the beginning of this month, and have been replaced by temporary licences issued pending the decisions of the Area Commissioners, to whom application must be made by any carrier desirous of continuing his existing services. The magnitude of the task before the Commissioners can be gauged by the fact that in the Metropolitan area alone three thousand applications have already been put forward.

The opposition in the London area, where the conditions are typical of those prevailing in other parts of the country, is largely by the railway companies and the road transport concerns in which they are financially interested. The railway companies to-day control the most important road services throughout the country, except in the London area, but they are still exposed to the competition of a large number of independent carriers, more especially those operating long-distance services, as, for instance, those between London and Cambridge, Colchester, and the North and West of England. The railway companies and their associates are opposing the granting of licences to such independents on the ground that adequate facilities on the routes concerned are provided by rail, and that the elimination of the road services is therefore desirable both in the interests of co-ordination and for the relief of highway congestion. All this sounds very well, but the plain English is that the public, which now has the alternative of road and rail, is to be com-

pelled to travel by railway and to pay more in the bargain.

It is hardly necessary to comment on the facts; their presentation should be sufficient. But attention should be drawn to one very important possibility. When the railway companies obtained their road transport powers in 1928—and it was only fair and logical that those powers should be conceded them—it was contended by opponents that the effect would be to give the companies, who already possessed one monopoly, a monopoly on the highways as well. In reply, the railways denied both that they aimed at such monopoly and that it was possible to secure one even if they were so minded, and their arguments seemed logical at the time. The position has now undergone an entire change, and should the railway companies be successful in opposing applications by independent carriers, the result will be to give them a virtual monopoly of both road and rail transport throughout a large part of the country. Furthermore, once they have obtained such monopolistic powers, there will be nothing to prevent them from applying to the Area Commissioners for a licence to operate road services on routes from which they have ejected the independents.

Since the Area Commissioners have only just assumed office, it is at the moment impossible to say how they will exercise the extraordinarily wide powers entrusted to them. There is, however, a possible precedent. The present scheme is to be regarded as the logical sequel to the creation of the London Traffic Advisory Committee, which functions as a handmaiden to the Ministry of Transport. Among the duties of this committee is the elimination of redundant omnibus services. Independent carriers have been barred from certain routes, while permitted to operate on less profitable sections, and the procedure in these instances has been of a nature appearing to justify the belief that discrimination has been exercised in favour of the large concerns and against the small man, who may be ruined if he is prohibited from using his vehicles on certain highways. It seems possible that the Area Commissioners may be largely on the side of the big battalions, not, of course, through any bias, but because the co-ordination of transport, in itself an extremely desirable and necessary end, can on the whole be best achieved by reducing the number of competing carriers. But that is no reason either why the small man should be pushed out of existence or the public be dragooned into patronizing the particular transport service ordained by bureaucracy.

THE INCOMPETENCE OF MR. HENDERSON

EVER since the present Government came into office there has been an unfortunate tendency on the part of Conservative statesmen and newspapers to take it at its own valuation where foreign policy is concerned. To some extent, of course, this attitude has been due to a quite laudable desire not to make the relations of Great Britain with other Powers a subject of party differences, but there can be no doubt

that this forbearance has been exploited shamelessly by Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues. In their confidence that their opponents will, for patriotic reasons, not look too closely at what they are doing, they have not hesitated to act in international matters in such a way as they consider will redound most to their electoral advantage at home. The consequence has been that for nearly two years the foreign policy of Great Britain has

been directed to the furtherance of Socialist, rather than British ends, and instead of diplomacy we have been treated to a long series of invariably unsuccessful stunts. In these circumstances, it is our considered opinion that the sooner the Conservative leaders and the Conservative Press enlighten the public as to the true facts of Mr. Henderson's control of the Foreign Office the better.

In the first Labour administration the Prime Minister, it will be remembered, was also Foreign Secretary, and the two main points in his policy—the Geneva Protocol and a loan to Russia—were the principal cause of his party's defeat at the ensuing General Election. Warned by this, when fortune next placed him in power, Mr. MacDonald looked round for a man of straw who would be the nominal Foreign Secretary, while he himself actually exercised control, and his choice fell upon Mr. Arthur Henderson. For the purpose in view, he could not have done better. It may, indeed, be objected that Mr. Henderson's previous experience as a lay-preacher and party organizer was hardly sufficient to qualify him for the post of successor to Castlereagh and Canning; but since he was only required to look like a Foreign Secretary, not to be one, this mattered little.

At first, the Prime Minister himself set the pace, and bathed in all the limelight, by his visit to the United States. The result of this was the failure to achieve a Five-Power agreement at the Naval Conference last year, and so, as usual, the permanent officials at the Foreign Office were called in to get their political chiefs out of the mess. The diplomats, therefore, worked for twelve months to bring about an understanding between France and Italy, and when they were on the eve of success Downing Street decided that this was too good a chance of a stunt to be lost. Mr. MacDonald, however, having been once bitten was now twice shy, so he sent Mr. Henderson in his place, like the dove from the Ark, in the hope that he, too, would return with an olive branch. Nothing loath, the Foreign Secretary flashed across Europe like a meteor, lunched with M. Briand and dined with Signor Mussolini, and came back to announce that an agreement had been reached. Unfortunately, as on the previous occasion, this

optimism has proved to be premature, and once more the diplomats are at work repairing the damage. Yet the man who is responsible for this state of affairs is still hailed, even in Conservative quarters, as a level-headed statesman whose moderation and breadth of vision are of the utmost value in the counsels of Europe.

These failures, combined with the increasing difficulties that are menacing his administration on all sides, seem to have determined the Prime Minister to leave foreign affairs alone, and so the man who was originally intended for the part of a Greek chorus has found himself starred for the lead. The result, not unnaturally, has been chaos. No one knows what is the official British attitude towards the Austro-German Pact, and, as everyone fears the worst, Great Britain is regarded with the utmost suspicion in every capital of Europe. By inviting the German Chancellor to England the Government irritated France, and then by postponing this visit, apparently at French dictation, it annoyed German opinion without conciliating French. The consequence of this blundering has been that the naval question and the Austro-German Pact, two entirely different problems, have become inextricably entangled, not only with one another, but with the Franco-Italian negotiations now proceeding in Rome. In these circumstances, it is no exaggeration to say that at least some part of the responsibility for the unsettled state of Europe at the present time must be laid at the door of the existing British Government, which always thinks of foreign affairs in terms of possible Socialist triumphs at home.

The plain fact is that Mr. Henderson is a man of ambition rather than ability, and he is insufficiently informed as to the problems of Continental and world-politics with which he is called upon to deal. His upbringing and his political past naturally make him think in terms more appropriate to domestic than foreign affairs; and on that account alone his continuance at the Foreign Office is, we are convinced, fraught with danger to the national interests, and more particularly is this the case now that a new problem, revolution in the Peninsula, has been added to the troubles of Europe.

THE AUSTRALIAN BREAKDOWN

IF Australia is interested in currents of political thought at the other end of the world, her people must be beginning to sympathize with Central European denunciations of constitutionalism. Even the real tragedy of the Commonwealth's economic position cannot blind its citizens to the absurdity of their political situation. A generation has not yet passed since the Australian States united themselves into an indivisible confederation. How much now remains of federal unity may be judged from the fact that the Commonwealth is taking steps to put the bailiffs into New South Wales.

That is only the general setting of the farce. The Houses of the Commonwealth are themselves at variance and the people must pronounce between

them. But not yet—not for another three months. Only one House can be dissolved now; but a double dissolution is possible if the Senate rejects a Bill twice in three months. It is an absurd provision, for three months is too short if the issue is not urgent, and too long if it is; and Mr. Scullin is making an absurd use of it. He could get a double dissolution to-morrow by sending back to the Senate the Wheat Bill which it rejected more than three months ago. He prefers to challenge them on what is euphemistically called the Fiduciary Notes Bill.

And why? Because the Bill raises the very issue on which the party which promotes it is most fundamentally divided. Australian Labour is partly orthodox, partly inflationist and partly

Marxian-Socialist in its financial policy; and the crowning touch is that Mr. Scullin himself bases his hope of hanging on for three months longer on the support at Canberra of the little group of New South Wales M.P.s who are attacking him in the country.

All these absurdities are only symptoms of a constitutional breakdown and it is worth while asking why the Australian constitution has broken down. Mainly for two reasons. First, federation is an ingenious device for effecting some sort of division of sovereignty. But the division must not be too exact, else there will be two Kings in Brétford. The Canadian and South African Federations which have taken the British unitary state as their model avoid this error. With them sovereignty rests finally with the Central Government. But in Australia authority is so neatly shared between Commonwealth and states that no one can say who is master. This is because Australia has looked not to Britain but to America, forgetting that the American method once nearly

split the country into North and South and may split it into East and West if the Japanese question ever becomes acute.

The other reason is that the Australian constitution is too mechanically conceived. Everything is worked out—notably in the critical manner of the three months' rule—and hardly any scope is left for ministerial initiative. This, too, is an American device and contrasts with the less logical but more human British method of enabling a Cabinet to cut a Gordian knot by obtaining a dissolution.

The whole situation is a warning against constitution-mongering. When the Commonwealth Constitution was finally drawn up Linley Sambourne drew a most felicitous cartoon in *Punch*. It showed a perplexed kangaroo considering a much rewritten draft and commenting: "Well, I suppose it's what I wanted, but I don't quite know what I've got." He is finding out now and the discovery can be little to his liking.

THE CAPITAL SHIP PROBLEM

By H. C. FERRABY

SEA power is not so much a matter of material as of ideas. That is a fundamental truth in national defence that events of the last thirty years have tended to obscure. The essentially materialistic doctrine of "bigger and better" has governed the world's maritime ideas, both naval and mercantile, until we have reached a stage at which, in a desperate effort to pause for breath, the Governments of the leading maritime Powers have entered into agreements to limit the fighting mammoths at least, whatever the commercial shipping world may do in regard to their own products.

A pause for breath may also provide a pause for thought among people capable of thought. And it seems possible that some of the thinking done in the quietude of the study by a few diligent students who look to the idea rather than to the material of combat, has influenced the tendencies of our technical and Parliamentary leaders.

Hence the suggestion thrown out by the British Government that the size of the battleship shall be limited by international agreement to 25,000 tons.

There are, of course, perfectly good materialistic arguments in favour of the reduction. The simplest of them is cost. The pre-war battleship of 23,000 tons cost £2,000,000. The next 35,000-ton battleship, if she is ever built, is estimated to cost £10,000,000. Allowing for the rise in costs since 1914 it is safe to say that a new 25,000-ton ship would cost between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000.

One does not need to be a naval architect or a strategist to see the advantage to the national budget of that difference.

Cost, however, is a purely material argument. We are here endeavouring to carry the discussion about future warship design to the plane of ideas. And we are confronted by the question: "Does the mammoth battleship fulfil any vital function in naval defence?"

When we come to look for facts which will support an affirmative answer to the question, we meet with the unhesitating opposition, not of individuals, but of national experience. Time and again, in the course of our struggles to preserve intact the freedom of the seas for British trade we have built bigger and better battleships than we had before—and always we have gone back, after hard experience, to the smaller type.

This may well seem an outrageous statement to those accustomed to regard the "wooden walls of England" as the biggest and best examples of the naval architecture of their age.

They were neither. Frequently our material was inferior to that which it had to oppose, but our ideas of naval warfare, of the handling of the material, were better. When we were obsessed by the idea of material we were beaten or, at best, made a drawn game of the struggle.

This is not a new post-war discovery. It had been touched upon by Colomb before Mahan illuminated the world forty years ago with the true doctrine of sea power. It was urged by Custance in the teeth of the violent materialistic propaganda that launched the Dreadnought and the battle-cruiser idea on the world in 1906. It was not a new discovery, because it was on record in all the details of our naval history, and in all the State Papers dealing with the Navy for three hundred years. Unfortunately the teaching of history in the Victorian schools mainly consisted of the memorizing of the dates of battles and not of the searching for motives and ideas. Those in touch with the younger generation of 1931 realize that some sort of change has come over the teaching of history. There appears to be, to-day, some attempt to outline the political and economic causes of events. But the generation which was running the affairs of the world thirty years ago had the "Hastings 1066" view of history, so that much of the teaching of Custance was incomprehensible, and the teaching of Mahan was crystallized in the immortal catch phrase "the unremitting daily silent pressure of naval force" and the picturesque vision of Nelson's storm-battered battleships.

And by reason of this inability to comprehend the teachings of these very clear thinkers, we erred and strayed among the mammoths, which proved to be, if not white elephants, at any rate sacred elephants that must not be exposed to too much risk.

The popular concept of Nelson's storm-battered battleships will bear examination in the light of a few facts about them.

The biggest warship in the world, at the time the Napoleonic wars broke out, was the French design of 5,246 tons displacement, carrying 120 guns. There

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were three of them in existence. The British Navy at that time comprised for the line of battle:

5 ships of 100 guns.
16 ships of 90 to 98 guns.
1 ship of 80 guns.
61 ships of 74 guns.
30 ships of 64 guns.

Those material facts point to a rather striking idea. The brunt of the fighting in Nelson's era was borne by the smallest type of battleship.

It was not that the 74's and 64's were used on detached service, for blockading and such work. The material facts for the historic battles of that war give us the following analysis of the British fleets that fought in them:

Battle	Ships.				
	100 gun.	98 gun.	80 gun.	74 gun	64 gun.
St. Vincent	2	4	—	8	1
Camperdown	—	—	—	7	7
Nile	—	—	—	13	—
Copenhagen	—	—	—	7	3
Trafalgar	3	4	1	16	3

The storm-battered ships, which maintained the silent pressure off Toulon, comprised two 100-gun ships, one 80 and eight 74's.

The idea that we can gather from those figures is that security for the nation was achieved (a) by the distribution of fighting power among a number of medium-sized units; (b) by the correct tactical handling of those units.

The period of the Napoleonic wars has been taken for the purposes of illustration because it includes the actions most widely known to the lay public. Those who are interested to study the point throughout our naval history will find that the same result is given by analysis of the fleets in the Dutch Wars, the Seven Years' War or the War of American Independence.

In a word, it was the medium-sized battleship and not the mammoth that our experienced forefathers

found a useful instrument of sea power. When we drifted into peace, when the theorists had full play, we too laid down 120-gun ships. In 1820 we had five completed and four more building.

To what purpose?

That has never been discovered. For the ships were never used for fighting, unless we count the Russian War in the Baltic in 1854, where the mammoth idea reached its Victorian apex in the *Duke of Wellington*, of 131 guns. The most useful part of their lives was spent as hulks in the dockyards for the training of boys and stokers.

These facts from the past are worth recalling now, because at the General Disarmament Conference next year (if it ever meets) the question of the size of battleships will inevitably be discussed, and the two opposed schools of thought will be at it hammer and tongs. The mammoth school to-day is almost confined to the United States Navy. There the doctrine of "bigger and better" is, of course, part of the national creed in everything, and it would be curious if the Navy went over to heresy. European thought is almost entirely in favour of the smaller battleship. Japanese thought we know nothing about; her Admiralty is not committed to any views by public expressions of opinion.

There is certainly still a strong school in the British Navy which hankers after the big ship, because in a big ship there is room for all those modern inventions and devices which complicate the waging of war by mechanizing it, and which are invented to replace the human element. That, however, is another aspect of the problem of war and cannot be considered here.

It is going to be a hard battle to persuade America to agree to a reduction of size. The logic of facts will not weigh against the Big Navy sentiment. But it is very important that the people of this country should know why we could be content with the smaller battleship. Then public opinion will strengthen the hands of the British delegates in their endeavour to get at least one sane idea passed by a Disarmament Congress.

AN IMPRESSION OF AMERICA

BY ANDRE MAUROIS

A STAY of a few months is not enough to permit of any real acquaintance with so immense a country as the United States. Moreover, I could not venture to discuss that so often analysed subject, the typical American's view of life. In spite of my stay in America, I have not seen the country. This may sound like a paradox, but it is the truth.

At the invitation of Princeton University, I went there to lecture and not to travel. I seldom left Princeton, and it would be difficult to form an accurate conception of the United States from what I saw of Princeton. It is a small university town, very much like others of the same kind. It is Cambridge rather than New York. Princeton has 2,000 students and 200 teachers, and the total of real inhabitants barely reaches 1,000. It is therefore distinctly an intellectual centre, and the intellectuals of all countries have a family likeness. Having lived among them, I could only estimate America through them, which would be just as one-sided as the opinions of those who judge American, their life and philosophy, by what they see in New York.

I believe that all judgments based on generalizations are unjust when applied to a whole nation, and especially such a nation as the Americans, who live in an immense country in which the climate, the origin of the inhabitants and their customs differ immensely in different places, and where the habits of the East are essentially unlike those of the West.

As to the exaggerated expansions of material civilization, I do not think that these phenomena are specially characteristic of America, inasmuch as industrial civilization was not invented in that country but in England, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Europe allowed this civilization to expand, and it was transplanted to the United States, where it has reached a very high level.

The formidable and exaggerated expansion of mechanical civilization is not an exclusively American problem. It applies to the whole world, and all humanity is waiting for the solution. I believe that this solution will come from the United States, this country being young enough to escape from the impasse into which its overflowing energy has led it. Of course this solution will not imply the rejection of mechanical methods and a return to the good old days without machinery. Not at all; machinery is necessary and useful, but man must learn to master it. He will perhaps do so in the future by working less and having more time for self-culture, and then mechanical civilization will at once become a support for moral civilization.

But although I could not come to know the American people through Princeton, it gave me the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the American intellectual. It is true that America has no social class corresponding to our cultured bourgeoisie, but an intellectual mass, young and alert, is in process of formation. The majority of these intellectuals are

certainly not very well up in history, but they have a good knowledge of all the art developments of our time. A young American literary review, like the *Symposium*, is in no way behind the leading European reviews. The rising American writers are original and important, and their art has nothing to do with the cinema, which is supposed in Europe to be characteristic of American art. The cinema is no standard by which to judge the tastes of the American public. It is just as bad in America as in Europe, with a few exceptions, which are enjoyed by intellectuals, just as good European films are enjoyed by European intellectuals. I will even say that the big successes are the same in the United States as elsewhere, without regard to the origin of the film. While I was in America, the two most popular films were European—the 'Blue Angel' and 'Under the Roofs of Paris,' productions which have made the conquest of Europe.

The United States have a large reading public. All the world's great writers are read and liked in America. Every interesting work in modern literature is to be found in American libraries, and they meet with the same success as in their own country, for the intellectual American reads a great deal and is interested in whatever is new and beautiful. The importance attached to literature is clearly shown by the fact that the leading newspapers publish huge literary supplements in which the most competent critics discuss books which have appeared in all sorts of countries and really deserve attention. These criticisms are generally very impartial and in no way guided by the interests of the publishers.

The American student is a remarkable type of humanity, just as much interested as his European brother in new things. He is good-natured and well-intentioned, and while he is not so well acquainted with French literature as are French students, we can safely say that he knows more about it than French students know about American literature. I often had calls from pupils—fine strapping fellows, fond of outdoor sports—who came to discuss French literature and the merits of Voltaire, Stendhal, Flaubert and Proust, whose names were all on the programme of my lectures. It was an immense

pleasure for me to hear the views of the youngest generation of this young people on the great French authors. One day we were discussing Voltaire's 'Candide,' and one of them asked the meaning of the phrase "Il faut cultiver notre jardin."

Each student tried to answer the question in his own way. One of them said it meant that we should give as little as possible of our attention to human beings and the affairs of this world, and that we should live in peace and in our work. Another gave an abstract meaning to the phrase. The garden, he said, is the mind, and that is what we should cultivate. A third interpreted the garden as meaning the development of all knowledge, and said we should withdraw from the company of human beings, who are both stupid and wicked, and till this garden. I then asked my students if they thought that real wisdom consisted in retiring into the garden and ceasing to take an interest in the doings of other men.

The reply given by one of the students was very American. He admitted that he would be bored to death if he were required to live the life of a recluse. He preferred life with all its pains and tribulations and dangers, its earthquakes and its economic disturbances. One of them thought that creative work is the one thing that matters. He was a New Yorker. Another student, who had English blood in his veins, dissented from this, and said it was an insufficient object of life. He preferred to live with others and cultivate his garden in their company. I decided that he was right.

The desire for culture shows itself definitely among the present generation of American students. Most of them are not at all enthusiastic over the material progress of our time. They want something more; they want moral progress. For four months I discussed Voltaire, Stendhal, Flaubert and Proust with them, and recorded with curiosity their questions and the answers they gave to the problems raised by books. These conversations brought me very close to them, and I ended by no longer considering them as foreigners, quite different from French students.

I never felt that they and I belonged to two different civilizations. They are relations, and good ones, younger than ourselves; but youth is not a defect.

CAMARA DE LOBOS

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE winding road paved roughly with dark blocks of stone like tufa, worn shiny and as slippery as ice in a black windless frost, by the sledge runners of the local bullock carts, ran on a cliff above the sea.

Smiling and treacherous as life, it lay a sheet of burnished silver, under the westing sun, a faint air, tempered by three thousand miles of passage from the Bahamas, played with, yet hardly ruffled, its deceitful surface.

Here and there jagged rocks stuck up, their base encircled by a foam like soapsuds, that just swayed when the sea breathed, but did not move away.

Eastward, the fantastic shapes of the Deserted Isles, the prismatic colouring of the rocks, veiled by the sea haze, looked like a landscape seen in a mirage, when the sun mocks the eye. A homing fishing boat, its useless sail flapping against the mast, her crew bent to their oars like galley slaves, but served to show the littleness of man against the sea's infinity.

Columbus in his sojourn in Funchal must have looked out upon it wistfully, half-knowing that it held a secret, that perhaps he was destined to disclose. The road ran on, through fields of sugar-cane, swaying in the light breeze with a faint whispering, as when the advanced guard of a flight of locust whirs through the

air, or as the Pacific surges kiss the reef of an atoll. It ran through straggling villages, and past Quintas buried in masses of bright flowering, tropic and subtropic shrubs. Jacarandás and Bougainvilleas, Durantas, Crotons, Acalyphas, Poinsettias, Maracujás, Daturas embowered the dazzling white houses with their red-tiled roofs.

Rosemary and alecrin gave out their pungent perfume and roses trailed from every balcony, uncared for, and rejoiced to find themselves unmanured, unpruned, nor tied to sticks, nor crucified with nails against a wall. Oxen toiled patiently, dragging the sledges, that replace carts in the island, or resting chewed the cud, looking as grave as judges seated on the bench, perhaps arriving at as wise decisions, but fortunately unable to communicate them to mankind.

Now and then motors passed, their strident horns proclaiming progress, that goddess born of hurry and of noise. Along the roads, silent and civil, if a little bovine, trudged endless streams of people, for it was Ash Wednesday, the day of days, at Camara de Lobos, the little fishing village, that once a year holds the procession of its saint. Most of the men, villagers from the villages that nestled on the skirts of the great hills that form the backbone of the island, wore the dark shapeless coats and jackets, the well-washed

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unstarched shirts, and flapping wide-brimmed hats, that since the ancient costume fell into disuse have become as it were a uniform both in Madeira and the Canaries.

When they met friends, they uncovered gravely, shook hands, calling each other *Senhor*, for dignity and a high sense of individual value is in the marrow of the race. Some of the more advanced displayed the livery of universal "progress" and wore brown shoes, well-pressed slop suits, soft store hats and neckties of bright colours whose ends dangled and floated in the breeze. None of them wore waistcoats and their open coats disclosed the narrow belly-band complete with imitation silver clasp, that took its origin in the Bowery of New York.

The women, less the slaves of progress than the men, all wore a full dark-coloured petticoat, under a cotton jacket fitting loosely at the hips. Their jet black hair, coarse as a Shetland pony's tail, looked blacker still against the fine white woollen scarves they wore about their heads, letting one end fall down upon their backs.

The only animal that man has never tamed is woman, declares a modern, wise philosopher; God grant that he may never do so, for a woman really civilized would have to hide her shame with neutral-tinted spectacles and children would be brought into the world concocted in a laboratory.

Dotted along the road were little taverns entitled "*Flor de Pichincha*," "*O Salto de Cavallo*" and the like; their legend setting forth that Manoel Silva or Domingo Chaves kept good wines and groceries, all of the best class, "*vendas a dinheiro*." In latticed summer houses sat the daughters and the wives of the inhabitants, looking like women in a pious yosiwara, for even had their inclination moved them to any indiscretion, nature had countered it by features such as make virtue hardly a virtue by its facility.

The crowd grew thicker as from every hamlet contingents of the inhabitants swelled its ranks. In the whole world there could not be a quieter, more well-behaved, or a more docile concourse of mankind. No, not if the garden on the Tigris had been thickly populated before the fall. All had the look of people adequately, but not generously, fed. Though the majority had driven oxen all their lives, delved in the fields and ploughed industriously, for every cultivable foot of ground was cultivated, their hands were not deformed by toil, or gnarled and knotty, like the hands of labourers in Scotland or Castille. Lost in their Hesperidean island they had never fought for liberty in the past. Barbary Corsairs had not descended on their shores to massacre the villagers in the name of Allah and his prophet, he of the curling hair and teeth like hailstones newly fallen upon the sand. Life had gone on harmoniously, without revolutions or without social turmoil, since the day when the storm-tossed English lovers with the strange names of D'Arpet and Machin came on the island unawares to find a haven and a grave.

The road wound on, till from a high curve the little port of Camara de Lobos lay disclosed. Shaped like a cockleshell, defended at the mouth by craggy rocks, it broadened out towards the beach. On it, the village boats lay, just afloat, and scarcely swaying in the surge, that set in almost imperceptibly from the calm, glassy sea. They lay as thickly, all touching one another, as pilchards in a barrel, or the canoes in some forgotten river port, in South America.

High stemmed and brightly painted, they were but little battered by the sea. Hardly a savour either of tar or pitch perfumed the air, and from the taverns by the port no ribald songs or curses belched out of a den thick with tobacco smoke. Occasionally, a fado, tinkled on a Portuguese guitar, plaintively pitched in a minor key broke on the ear. So may the sailors have passed their leisure hours in Ithaca, when once Ulysses was safely off on his adventure to the siege of Troy.

No doubt, at times the fishermen must have seen death, at a short cable's distance off, for all their draughts could not have been miraculous and they had often toiled all night and taken nothing, as did their prototypes on Galilee. To-day all recollection of the brief fierce storms that spring up, like a harlot's anger (or her tears) lashing the sea into a foamy fury, was banished from their minds. Dressed in their Sunday clothes, they wended to the little village church, dedicated naturally to St. Peter, the most adventurous of the twelve fishermen who left their nets to follow a more arduous career.

Built in the middle of the plaza, towards which four or five winding streets, paved with round cobble stones, converged, it brooded over the peaceful little port, as a hen broods over chickens, at once a mother and the protector of all those who seek the shelter of her wings.

Only Madeira and the Canary Islands possess its style of architecture, with the low, square tower and body of the church built like a convent with no ornament to break the façade. A modest temple, yet adequate for the needs of its Arcadian worshippers. The roof, high-pitched and barrel-shaped, was painted gaily in light colours, picked out with gilding that the march of time had toned down and harmonized. The altar, bright with gold, had the twisted barley sugar-looking columns, that proclaim the art of Churriguera, that baroque in excelsis, only to be found in Spain and Portugal.

A votive ship or two, in the dark aisle, an ostrich egg and a dried crocodile testified to the piety of sailors, who, by the intervention of the patron of the church, had emerged safely from the perils of the deep. The holy water stoop, set in a dark corner behind the door, gave out an ancient, fishlike odour, left by the horny fingers of the pious fishermen.

Although unusual in a church, all was so much in keeping with the place and its inhabitants, that the strange perfume may have been acceptable to the Deity the fishermen adored. It was packed full of kneeling women, whose white shawls gave them an air of nuns. The men, as it were, "stood by," their hats held in their strong hands, their eyes fixed on the altar with the far-off look with which they gazed on the horizon out upon the sea.

The church, filled with its seafaring parishioners, seemed a great fishing boat, with St. Peter at the helm, keeping her full and by.

The brief Mass over, when the congregation had filed out of the church, the portly priest, still in his vestments, placed himself beneath the purple canopy that was to shelter him on the long tramp with the procession towards the Calvary.

From the dark winding street, the bearers of the various saints emerged, carrying upon their shoulders the images that were to be borne in the procession.

The bearers, chosen from the strongest of the younger fishermen, all wore an expression on their faces of pious satisfaction and of resignation to the task that lay before them. They seemed to undertake it in the same spirit that they bent to their oars, when the wind failed them on the sea.

In their rough hands they carried poles, surmounted by a half-moon made of iron, on which to rest their burden when the procession halted for the bearers to get wind. Silently and without confusion, the various companies, devotees of one or other of the saints, fell into line.

Without confusion, and apparently with no directing officers to marshal them, the images took their appointed stands. Heading the procession, grave and dignified, came the patron saint, not the St. Peter who denied his Lord, smote off the ear of the servant of the high priest, or even as when as the sarcastic, witty Apostle to the Gentiles said, he bore a wife about with him. His nets all dried and laid aside for ever, his martyrdom had cleansed him from the weak-

nesses and follies of the world, but, as his counterfeit presentment showed, had left him still as lovable as when, a fisherman in Galilee, natural laws had proved superior to faith when he essayed to walk upon the lake. Behind him, carrying lighted candles that hardly flickered in the still air, marched a group of women dressed in black. Their faces wore a waxy look, and from their clothes came the stale scent of incense, that characterizes in Latin countries the devout women of the church. Possibly some of them were accomplishing a vow of penitence, but as they all walked barefoot on the stony path, the bystander, even though not a fool, could not distinguish those who had followed Mary Magdalene, from those who had not gone astray. Twisting and writhing like a gigantic snake, the procession climbed the mountain path. The saints upon the shoulders of the men nodded at one another like so many china mandarins, as they swam through the air and seemed to float, borne by some invisible agency.

St. Michael, St. Sebastian, St. James, Santa Teresa, and a goodly dozen of the celestial hierarchy, all newly gilt and painted, graced the occasion and moved the piety of the dense crowd of onlookers that thronged the mountain road. Behind each image of a saint came groups of children dressed as angels, barefooted, with their hair streaming down their backs, bound at the forehead by a silver fillet. Their gauzy wings, their naked little feet, their look of pious innocence and the stout hearts they all must have possessed, to face such a stiff climb, barefooted, on such a stony road, inclined one to believe they had escaped from heaven for the day, weary of singing in the celestial choirs, to join their fellow children upon earth and play with them.

Children and banners, and the canopy sheltering the priest, formed a symphony in purple, for with natural good taste all the procession was in the same tone of colour, without a jarring note. As it passed by, the onlookers stood up, the men uncovered, and now and then an ancient, wearing the national two-eared cap of the Madeira mountaineers, bent one knee upon the ground. All were devout, without that orgasm of faith that in the south of Italy turns the women to Bacchantes, and the men into their pagan ancestors, with staring eyes and mouths distorted in their ecstasy.

Still less did they resemble in their behaviour the ribald piety of the Holy Week in Seville, where, as the bearers of images, when they stop to rest and rub their shoulders, look at their burden and after murmuring, "God curse the heavy block of wood," cross themselves piously and fall amuttering a Hail Mary, or a Credo, for their souls' benefit. Upward and upward climbed the long purple serpent, the edges of the path all lined with people, silent and well-behaved, experiencing inwardly, perhaps, a spiritual consolation, not manifest, except to the interior vision, which after all is the most satisfying and not subject to the deceptions that so often cheat those who trust only to what falls upon the retina.

At a turn in the mountain path the last purple banner disappeared. Angels and priest, the high-borne canopy, the gaily painted saints, the pious women draped in their black, the groups of following devout, vanished without a sound, still climbing upwards towards the Calvary. A passing shower obscured the mountains, shrouding them in a veil, such as the dew spreads on a spider's web. On the horizon a sundog just caught the sails of a home-bound fishing-boat, glorifying them for a brief moment, turning them into cloth of gold, before they disappeared. Their pious duty over, the procession turned towards the town, its ranks unbroken, and the companies of fledgling angels plodding along their Via Crucis wearily. The darkness deepened and the faint slurring of the bare feet upon the stones sounded as if a regiment of ghosts was passing.

EDWARD CARPENTER: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE *

By E. S. P. HAYNES

I HEARD much of Edward Carpenter from my childhood, for my Nicolas great-aunts played with him and his sisters in the 'fifties at Brighton. My father was fifth Wrangler when Edward Carpenter was tenth Wrangler at Cambridge in 1868, and always spoke of him with respect as a man who had resigned his fellowship owing to the loss of religious convictions. In my Oxford days I was reading 'Love's Coming of Age' and mentioned it to one of the Carpenter sisters who remarked: "It is sad that we have spent all our lives asking for Edward's books and being told by booksellers that we ought not to know about them!"

In later life I saw him on various occasions and we corresponded on such subjects as the alleged immortality of the soul and the freedom of the Press. His book on immortality is far more convincing on the affirmative side than any contemporary work I know; but this effect is marred by his speculations on the weight of the soul and by too hearty acceptance of many spiritualist assertions. Like many enthusiasts he was inclined to take bare statements too much for granted and was not ashamed to admit it.

In 1913 we had some correspondence about an article in regard to the taboos of the British Museum Library which was the joint composition of Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis and myself, but which I signed at their joint request. It appeared in the *English Review*. He gave me valuable advice on methods of controversy and on the advantage of permitting the enemy a bridge for retreat. Yet no one had less inclination for compromise than he, and the frankness of 'Days and Dreams' was startling in spite of its pervading urbanity.

I am giving personal impressions because I was in no sense a disciple of Edward Carpenter in spite of cordial affection, and the testimony of a detached observer may be interesting when so much has been written by ardent worshippers. His elevation and sincerity in talk could not fail to excite as much admiration as the limpid beauty of his literary style; but though I agreed with what he so courageously wrote about sex problems, I never sympathized much with his opinions on democracy. My ideals were and are frankly bourgeois, and to me the enemy of comfort is the enemy of society. Though I enjoy meeting all sorts and conditions of men, I prefer *ceteris paribus* conversation with those who have shared my own advantages in the way of education. I have always been tempted to regard the profession of cosmic affection for the human race either as a pose or as a desire to patronize less fortunate beings so as to indulge a sense of superiority.

Moreover, democracy as a political system seems to me progressively absurd. Yet Edward Carpenter was perhaps the most impressive preacher of democracy known to our time. His sincerity was absolute and he never spared himself physically or otherwise in preaching what he practised. To cultivate his garden and personally sell what he produced in it was the essential groundwork of his life, though had he chosen he might have written many more books and achieved a career of more conventional distinction. *Vivre sa vraie vie, sentir son vrai moi* involved for him all the drudgery of manual work and the duty of sharing the hardships of unprivileged humanity just as it did for Stephen Reynolds and others of the same type.

This mode of life was, however, the inspiration of all his work, for it strengthened the simplicity and direct-

* A work 'Edward Carpenter: In Appreciation,' containing essays by Lowes Dickinson, Havelock Ellis, Laurence Housman and others, is published this week by Messrs. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

ness of his appeal in controversy because no opponent could possibly denounce him as voluptuary or decadent when he urged the free discussion of taboos. There was also nothing bookish or sophisticated in his outlook on life, though had he remained a Cambridge don all his days, he might have become rather aloof from his audience and what is generally known as a high-brow. His method of attacking a taboo was not academic; rather it recalled the remark of the little child in Hans Andersen's story who said: "But the Emperor has no clothes!" It is a very insidious manoeuvre, nor perhaps was Edward Carpenter quite so simple as he appeared!

I suppose he may be classified as a mystic or at any rate as a man who used up much of the energy which is usually spent on social or carnal pleasures in contemplating the universe. Mysticism is certainly easier for those who live in the country and work on the land than it is for a lawyer or doctor or financier. The mystic has many joys unknown to the ordinary person. He is either neurasthenic or else has stronger nerves than most men. His vision can oftener be expressed in music or painting than in words.

Edward Carpenter's mysticism was of vital importance to his work as a writer on questions of sex, for it gave him a certain detachment which protected him against persecution as a heretic. His work was entirely unaffected by the mud stirred up in the Oscar Wilde trials in 1895, and so far as I know, he was only once attacked in public on this count. He lived as he died, in what may literally be called the odour of sanctity; but his courage was nevertheless exceptional, for he could not safely have relied on such immunity. He will go down to history as a writer of distinction, a man of most individual charm, and a reformer of the first importance.

THE FUTURE OF THE NOVEL

By MARCEL PREVOST

THE effect of the war on the novel has been tremendous, and for the first time in history perhaps this branch of literature has upset existing theories by showing that literature is capable of as violent and radical changes as political institutions. Study the evolution of the novel from the time of Richardson and you are impressed throughout with the feeling of a slow and gradual development. Men may change their mentality, and local colour and customs may differ, but the treatment is the same. Tradition holds good. There are recognized schools of thought which leave an indelible mark on the work of novelists. You are conscious of a constant cycle in which the progression from one standard to another is well ordered and never characterized by abrupt transformation. After 1918 the evolution of the novel assumed the most unexpected characteristics and historians writing on this post-war period will certainly look upon the war as one of the greatest landmarks of history. Probably the changes which the war occasioned were in every way as drastic as those which we associate with the Renaissance or even the French Revolution.

Before the war the French novel had its Augustan age of celebrity and its fame was world-wide, as France probably produced more famous novelists in the course of the second half of the nineteenth century than all the rest of the world put together. What is the position to-day? We find that the war has so entirely revolutionized existing ideals that there is not one famous novelist who has not been compelled to recast his work and his theories to keep his hold on the public. Some novelists, like Paul Bourget, have continued to write as of old, but not one of them has succeeded in retaining the favour of his readers. If my books since the war not only sell as well as those which I

wrote before 1914, but in certain cases have enormously exceeded in sales even my largest successes of pre-war days, the reason is that I have taken particular trouble to keep in touch with the modern spirit and to understand the very complex mentality of the generation of to-day.

The first tendency noticeable after the war among modern novelists was a complete breaking away from the lessons of the past. These men belong to the war generation and their mentality is so highly coloured by the experiences which they have been through that in the novels which they have given to the world, War and not Love is the dominant theme. It is the age of Dorgeles, Kessel, Carco, Mauriac, Pierre Benoist and Paul Morand, all brilliant writers on whom the war has left its stamp. I believe that much of their work will stand.

Highly significant of the new spirit is the fact that many of these new writers live a kind of life which would have appalled the stay-at-home Parisian of pre-war days. Such novelists as Dekobra or Paul Morand are rarely or ever in Paris, but spend the greater part of their lives studying the psychology of foreign countries. Many of them are confirmed globe-trotters.

Even more momentous, however, are the profound changes that took place in French mentality after the stabilization of the franc in 1925. That date should be considered as an historical landmark in the history of Ideas. The repercussions which it had on our customs and mentality were tremendous, and it is true to say that everything in France changed from that moment. "Ce qui était la France a cessé d'être le Paradis des fous" (France is no longer the paradise of fools). Now this new period, "difficile, ardue, trouble," has had its influence on romantic production, and from 1925 the novels written by the generation which did not take part in the war are considerably more pessimistic and serious than those of the preceding generation who had been through the racket of 1914-1918. Among these the more distinguished are Sandras, Lacretelle, and others; and their writing is concise and "snappy" if a little lacking in what the older generation would call polish. The keynote of their psychology is a profound disillusionment and a tendency to live for the day and the material comforts that it may bring.

Among the Anglo-Saxon novelists who have left a mark on the French novel is Aldous Huxley, while the Teutonic influence has accounted for the writing of many war books.

Many critics have deplored the fact that Love appears to have weakened its hold on the modern man and woman and that the modern novel reflects this tendency. Now I fail to see how anyone can prove that human nature has in any way changed in this respect. Before the war people were hypocritical or secretive with regard to any love instinct that was purely sexual in character. The war has destroyed much of this dross and artificiality, and if men and women appear to be more animal in their sexual life it is because they have fewer conscientious principles or have no Mrs. Grundy to criticize their actions. No; I do not think this implies that Love as a sentiment has in any way lessened its hold upon humanity, for there has never been an age in which it has not been one of the two "raisons d'être" of existence, and statistics in every country in the world distinctly prove that there are as many "crimes passionnels" and suicides through unrequited love to-day as ever (perhaps more in France). Love does not change, though it does not always occupy the mind or seem to be the dominant factor in any given existence, but it is there. Consequently I do not think that the novel will ever die out, because a romance is (or should be) a faithful record of life, and a good novelist should never become old-fashioned, as it is his duty to mirror faithfully every passing phase of sentiment of his age "il doit être la glace qui reflète ce qui se passe."

SPRING

III—I COME! I COME! YOU HAVE CALLED
ME LONG

BY PETER TRAILL

MR. CRIBBAGE only played golf when there was nothing else to do, with the result that his golfing season was confined to a couple of months in the spring. He then took a ball or two out and practised by himself, an amusement in which he was engaged when he was hailed from behind.

"You'll never do it," a voice said. Mr. Cribbage had in his hand a perfectly good niblick and upon the ground at his feet lay some half a dozen golf balls. Twenty yards or so away a large bunker loomed and beyond it a mellow green. He was engaged in trying to pitch the balls on to the green.

"Not only won't you do it," continued the voice, "but I can't understand why you attempt it. You have already dug a lot of small graves all about the ground near you and you are desecrating a day that promises as well as this one does." The man who spoke to him was a stranger; nevertheless, feeling the justice of his remarks Mr. Cribbage began to pick up the balls and put them in his pocket.

"Why do you play the game?" the voice went on. "You are obviously a poor performer and you have obviously a lack of patience. You can't get any amusement out of it." The question being put in so direct a fashion, Mr. Cribbage could not, try as he would, think of a suitable answer. Moreover, the compassionate nature of the stranger's accents stirred his sensitive character to its utmost depths.

"What ought I to be at?" he asked meekly.

"On a day such as this," the stranger said, "when the spring is here, and the sun is mounting to a clear sky and—"

"The lambkins are twiddling their tails," Mr. Cribbage interposed.

"Certainly, and why not?" the stranger asked. Mr. Cribbage was reduced to silence.

"You should be walking," the stranger went on. Mr. Cribbage inverted his niblick and grasping the steel end set his face towards the east.

"Let us walk," he said. Fifty yards or so before them lay a copse, spinney, hurst, firth, holt, grove, coppice or boscaige. Mr. Cribbage never knew the correct word where there were not enough trees to go round.

"Let us go through the—" he hesitated; "would you call it a copse?" he asked weakly.

"Coppice," said the stranger, and after they had gone a few steps he continued: "Now I'll wager that you are feeling a better man already. Your liver was sluggish, you can't deny it; now it is becoming active. Your tongue is shedding its coat and your kidneys are getting into fine fettle, and—"

"All is well with the world," Mr. Cribbage sighed.

"And why not?" asked the stranger. A glimmer of the real reason why he had devoted himself to golf for a short period began to occur to Mr. Cribbage, but as yet the whole argument eluded him.

"Now," said the stranger as they entered a small footpath, "you can hear a starling." He pointed his stick. "There, you can see it; and look, there goes a lesser redpole."

"A little early for them," Mr. Cribbage ventured.

"Why?" said the stranger. Mr. Cribbage had no answer ready; but the glimmer of the real reason why he played golf when there was nothing else to do became a lambent flame; perhaps a little stronger than lambent.

"And there," rushed on the stranger, "goes a lark, a thrush, and the bigger one, that's a wood pigeon."

"What is this place?" Mr. Cribbage asked anxiously. "An aviary?"

"Every coppice is an aviary," the stranger retorted, "for those who study nature and her wonders."

"Perhaps every coppice," Mr. Cribbage replied after a little earnest meditation, "but not every hurst and holt." The stranger turned his attention to other matters.

"Here," he said, hitting the trunk of a fair-sized tree with his stick, "is an ash, already nearly in leaf. It is marvellous, this new life which springs eternal every year."

"Why not?" Mr. Cribbage murmured.

"And here is a birch," the stranger continued, paying no attention to his murmur, "that, too, is sprouting." The glimmer of the real reason why he played a little golf, which just previously had become a lambent flame, now burst into a fulguration. Of course Mr. Cribbage knew why he had taken up the game.

"And there," he burst in, a trifle heatedly for him, "or if not there, in the next spinney, or whatever-you-call-it, are the plane, the oak, the sycamore, the chestnut, the copper beech, the zinc birch, the silver poplar, the golden ash and all the other damned trees—every one of which is budding. They always do bud, and every time they bud, you walkers talk the same drivel; and every time that I walk I have to listen to it. That's why I play golf. I don't like the game, but no one tells me about the secrets of nature. If a bird sits on a green, no one cares whether it is an ousel or a great auk, so long as it gets off the green. If I put a ball in a tree no one interrupts my dozen strokes to tell me what kind of a tree I am killing. Also I assure you that I take more exercise in one round of golf than you do in the whole day." Mr. Cribbage paused for want of breath and then continued: "I am going no farther from my mellow green." With which he inverted his niblick and, dropping a ball on to the ground, cast a glance over the edge of the trees.

"You have provided me with an interesting shot," he said, "so your morning has not been altogether wasted. You see that tall tree over there—"

"Elm," the stranger interposed firmly.

"Tree," Mr. Cribbage repeated. "I shall put the ball over it on to the pin. You watch me carefully." Mr. Cribbage addressed the ball, but at the top of his swing the stranger waved his stick.

"Look, a kestrel!" he exclaimed excitedly. Mr. Cribbage lifted his head and the ball hurtled into the coppice. He turned round slowly.

"No apology," he said, "is asked for and none will be accepted." With which he left the stranger gazing sorrowfully after him and went back into the trees to look for the ball. In the heath, the whin, the broom, the bracken, the fern, the sedge, the rush, the weed, the fungus and the conferva Mr. Cribbage looked.

After the stranger had disappeared, he found it in the grass.

THE AGNOSTIC'S CRY

BY R. C. BAYLDON

IS it but a savage myth
To palliate the fear of death:
To ease the pain of mourning kith
Attendant on
The final breath?

Is there a life hereafter which
Is vouchsaf'd those of true belief?
Alone, such faith makes mortal rich.
Convince me, Priest,
Grant me relief.

THE THIEF OF TIME

BY DAVID OCKHAM

I

MR. JONAS SILBERY, managing clerk of the firm of Hatch and Manley, the eminent wholesale provision dealers of Eastcheap, awoke with a start, feeling vaguely that something was wrong. He looked at his watch and found it had stopped at four o'clock. Judging by the light, he had still time for another brief sleep, but Mr. Silbery was not the man to leave anything to chance, especially when it was a matter of catching the 8.1 a.m. to King's Cross. So without disturbing his wife, who always breakfasted later than himself on weekdays, he rose and walked downstairs to consult the dining-room clock.

That timepiece, usually as regular in its habits as its owner, had also stopped at four o'clock.

"Queer," murmured Mr. Silbery reflectively.

Being thoroughly awake by now, he decided against going back to bed. Dressing and shaving leisurely, he made himself a cup of tea, after which signs of life apprised him that Jané, the cook, housemaid and general staff of "The Laburnums," was also awake and stirring.

"Ah," said Mr. Silbery to himself, "it must be half-past six, then." Jané, among her other virtues, possessed that of an uncanny punctuality.

And he set the hands of his watch, which, however, refused to go, despite winding and shaking, while Jané's alarm clock and Mrs. Silbery's wrist watch had also, it subsequently appeared, stopped at four o'clock, from which hour their hands refused to budge.

Whereupon Mr. Silbery, like a sensible man, refused to worry about a matter which he could not understand, and after eating an excellent breakfast, made his way to the station.

The 8.1 train was the one patronized by the bulk of the season-ticket holders in the suburb of Claybury, and at this time of the morning the up-platform was always crowded with frock coats, top hats, shiny black boots, attaché cases and handbags, with a sprinkling of comely typists.

That morning the station was, however, nearly deserted, its only tenants being an elderly porter and five middle-aged gentlemen of ultra-respectable appearance. As he approached, Jonas was hailed by one of the group, who fiercely demanded the time.

"Don't know," answered Silbery. "My watch stopped at four o'clock, and curiously enough all the other watches and clocks in the house stopped at the same time. Funny thing is that I can't get any of them to go again."

There ensued a babble of conversation, from which Mr. Silbery gathered that all the clocks and all the watches of all the ultra-respectable old gentlemen had also stopped at four a.m., that nothing would induce any of them to resume work, and that the hands of the station and signal-box clocks, as well as the watches of the elderly porter and the signalman were rooted at the same hour. Furthermore, neither the stationmaster, booking clerk, nor any of the staff had arrived; the porter and the signalman were both waiting to be relieved and go home to sleep; the book-stall was still closed; and, worst of all, no papers had arrived from London to while away the time. It was all very peculiar and the language of the elderly gentlemen was unprintable, while the porter murmured bitterly of "lazy shirkers."

II

After waiting for what seemed an hour and a half, at the end of which the waiting passengers, with the exception of Mr. Silbery, were on the verge of apo-

plexy and threatening the porter that they would write to *The Times* about it, a train drew up alongside the platform. But it was not the 8.1. Instead of the usual six-wheeled carriages hauled by a neat little dark-green engine, this was an important-looking affair of corridor coaches, mail vans and sleeping and restaurant cars, propelled by a colossal express locomotive. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, no such imposing collection of rolling stock had ever before condescended to stop at Claybury.

"What train is this?" Mr. Silbery asked the guard.

"Blest if I know, sir," answered that functionary.

"It was the 10 p.m. from Glasgow, due in at King's Cross at 7 a.m. with the mails. At least, that's what it was when it started last night, but it's a sort of blooming motor-bus now. We ran late into Newcastle, and we've held up ever since. Every watch and clock on the line has stopped at four o'clock. So has mine, and the passengers' and the other guard's and the driver's and the fireman's. So as we can't run to a time-table without knowing the time, we're stopping at every station to pick up passengers. Suppose you haven't the time on you by any chance?" he concluded as one who voices a forlorn hope.

Mr. Silbery intimated that time was, so to speak, a non-existent commodity at Claybury.

The waiting passengers, who had greatly increased in number since Mr. Silbery's appearance, got in and the train started. With that presence of mind and capacity for seizing opportunities which never deserted him, Jonas entered a restaurant car and demanded tea and buttered toast. The long wait had made him hungry. King's Cross was reached by very easy stages. Long before arrival at the terminus, the train was crammed to overflowing, and one enterprising stockbroker had even seated himself on a lump of coal on the tender, from which threats, entreaties and persuasions alike failed to move him.

The Underground Railway appeared to wear its normal aspect, save that all the clocks had also stopped at four o'clock, a fact which Mr. Silbery noted without undue surprise.

On arriving at his office, Mr. Silbery found there was no necessity to explain the cause of his lateness. "If," he reflected, "I really am late. Can a man be late if time stands still?" And time, apparently, had stood still as from four a.m., thus providing so absorbing a topic of conversation that business was forgotten, and the provision trade neglected as though it had never been. Business in any event was slack. Half the commercial community appeared not to have got up at all, while the other half was so puzzled how to keep appointments that it gave up the problem as insoluble and had a gin and bitters instead. For the stoppage of time was, so far as could be ascertained, universal throughout the kingdom.

However, the human body contains an excellent internal timepiece in the shape of a stomach, and in due course certain unmistakable symptoms apprised Mr. Silbery and his colleagues that it was the hour of luncheon. The evening papers, whose first editions, for the first time on record, did not appear until after midday, served as a sauce to the meal. For "Our Special Correspondents" had been getting busy. From all over the country, from sleepy hamlets and mining villages, busy manufacturing cities and holiday resorts, came the same story of stopped clocks and watches, which no contriving would induce to start again. Later editions expanded the tale, printing despatches from the Continent, from America, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the islands of the West Indies and the Pacific, in all of which the same mysterious

and baffling phenomenon was puzzling men's brains and agitating the minds of the superstitious.

Scientific men emitted theories to interviewers, speaking in learned words of etheric waves and radioactive disturbances, and by no means impressing either the reporters or their news editors, who knew the men of science to be as puzzled as themselves. Leader writers waxed eloquent, with copious references to mythology and the classics, or else indulged in playful humour at the expense of Old Father Time, who was accused of Bolshevism or of adopting ca' canny methods. An enterprising dealer in antiques advertised a special line in antique sundials, and did so well out of it that he promptly wired to the factory at Birmingham for another couple of gross. And, in general, the world went on eating and drinking and smoking and amusing itself and making love as usual; only business suffered, for the hard-headed business man felt as though he had received a sudden and staggering blow beneath the belt, and wanted time for recovery.

When Mr. Silbery returned to Claybury that evening he found his wife inclined to be hysterical. The absence of time affected her sense of propriety, as though the Church had suddenly ceased to exist, or all the policemen in the world had vanished, or she had been dumped into a South Sea island peopled by ladies and gentlemen dressed only in beads. Besides, she did not understand. The Mrs. Silberys of this planet very often do not understand, without realizing the fact. But when they cannot understand a thing and know that they cannot understand, the result is extreme annoyance.

On the other hand, Jonas, practical man of business and churchwarden though he was, was conscious of a peculiar and subtle elation. With time non-existent, with the impossibility of being reproached for any lack of punctuality or the non-fulfilment of appointments, with nothing to recall one inexorably to one's duties (even, he reflected, with the possibility of coming home late with an unbreakable excuse), life seemed suddenly to have taken on the aspect of a gigantic picnic. And it struck him that he could—and would—get up when he liked next day. How could he be expected to be in Eastcheap at nine o'clock when nine o'clock had only a theoretical existence? Besides, there would not be an 8.1 train.

For, behold a remarkable metamorphosis. Jonas for twenty years, on six days of the week and for forty-nine weeks out of fifty-two, had got up and breakfasted and caught trains at fixed hours, immutable as the laws of the tides. Even influenza epidemics had not tarnished his record. And now that fixed hours were simply wiped off the map, he suddenly realized how irksome they had been, and how true it was that time was made for slaves. So despite the semi-tearful fretfulness of his spouse, he ate dinner with uncommon enjoyment, and smoked one of his Sunday afternoon cigars. He even had a modest liqueur glass of the old brandy, thus putting the finishing touch on Mrs. Silbery's sense of outrage, for the cognac was sacred to family dinner parties and other high functions.

III

Jonas reached the station next morning at about ten o'clock, according to his reckoning. A train was in waiting, the railway company, with laudable determination not to be surprised or flurried at anything, having arranged some sort of time-table. How that was done in the absence of time is a technical mystery, unintelligible to the profane. And as no one could possibly be in a hurry, it worked well enough, although the general managers of all the companies nearly grew grey hair in discussing with trade union leaders the problem of how the eight-hour day was to be observed and overtime computed.

But on the whole, things went on very much the same as usual, save in an atmosphere of greater leisureliness. Men went to their offices as the mood took them, and if they called on someone who chanced to be out, they either sat down to smoke a contemplative cigarette against his return or telephoned at some other convenient period. When the small shopkeeper had taken enough cash for the day, or if he felt the desire to visit "the pictures" or play a game of billiards or have a glass of beer (the drink hours restrictions were, of course, the first to go, owing to the impossibility of enforcing them, although the officials of the Liquor Control Board naturally continued to draw their salaries), he put up his shutters. Persons with a taste for the beauties of nature and disinclined to hustle, patronized the stage coaches which had sprung up all over the country, and the railway companies, infected by the universal geniality, forgot to foam at the mouth at this new form of competition.

It was, in short, the return of the Golden Age—with all modern conveniences.

IV

Somewhere in the wilds of Northern Scotland there lived a certain Professor MacWhirter, member of forty-five learned societies, and perhaps the wisest man in the world. His wisdom was so great as to be inhuman. By way of compensation, he was so absorbed in his scientific pursuits that he led the life of a hermit, and for months together the only face he saw in addition to the reflection of his own (when he happened to remember that his hair needed brushing) was that of Agatha Whistlebinkie, his solitary attendant, a grey-haired and scraggy spinster of sixty-three, with little chin whiskers and three teeth. Being immersed in the attempt to breed a new kind of flea which would spare the human race the inconvenience caused by *pulex irritans*, the professor had for six months been oblivious of the flight of time, nor was he aware, never reading the newspapers, that time had retired from business.

Into this abode of scientific tranquillity there projected himself one day a young man with tumbled yellow hair, tobacco-stained fingers and a suit of greenish Harris tweeds which looked as though he slept in it. In his hand were a notebook and a fountain pen, and five sharpened pencils protruded from his upper left-hand waistcoat pocket.

The young man, whose name was Tupperley, was a journalist. God knows what his real mission in life was intended to be, but he received each week the sum of eight guineas and his expenses for covering pieces of paper with words, which were subsequently printed in the *Sunday Trumpet*, a Paper for the Home, and one of the six boasting of the Largest Circulation in the World. Tupperley had a phenomenal memory for the things that do not matter, such as the name of the heroine of the most scandalous divorce case of 1903, or the titles of all of James Garbage's novels, and in its due functioning, this piece of mental mechanism had dredged Professor MacWhirter to the surface.

"The one man," exclaimed Tupperley joyously to an even more overjoyed news editor, "who can unravel the Time Mystery."

So there he was.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could be seduced from the rapt contemplation of fleas and their habits—he had been badly bitten that morning and was pardonably annoyed at the failure of his experiments—to the consideration of the matter in hand. But once in possession of the facts, his scientific interest was aroused. Eventually he promised the young man that he would devote all his energies to the investigation of the phenomenon, and that a report from him might be expected in due course.

Five days later, the editor of the *Sunday Trumpet* received the following note in an almost indecipherable and extremely tiny handwriting:

"The universal horological stoppage which Mr. Tupperley was good enough to bring to my notice is the result of an eruption of volcanic gases from a crater some distance below the summit of Mount Chimborazo, and extinct for many centuries. These gases are impinging on a bed of ironstone, and the resulting electrical current has set up a disturbance inhibiting the functioning of all timepieces. If the flow of the gases can be checked or diverted, or the ironstone removed, the restoration of normal conditions may be anticipated with certainty.

(Signed) Zachary MacWhirter."

This missive being received when going to press, the Editor of the *Trumpet* called piously on his Maker in thankfulness for the biggest "scoop" within his experience.

V

An expedition of chemists, electricians, metallurgists, plumbers, engineers, special correspondents, press photographers, cinematograph operators, tourists, society beauties and revue artists left for Chimborazo without delay. The diversion of the gases proved a simple and expeditious matter, and within four weeks the governments of all the civilized countries were notified that at noon the next day, Time would resume business at the old stand.

On the morrow, a vast crowd was gathered in front of the Houses of Parliament, every eye craned on Big Ben, whose hands had in anticipation been set at twelve o'clock. Business, sport, politics and other amusements were forgotten. The House had adjourned. Even Mr. Justice Sweetheart dispensed jokes to an empty court.

The sun was at its zenith. Twelve mighty peals resounded from Big Ben, and the sound was taken up by all the church clocks of the capital. The huge crowd cheered, why, no one could have said.

And the railways brought out fresh time-tables, and business men made appointments, and office boys were sacked for being five minutes late, and the pet child of Civilization, Hustle, revived from its sleep.

* * *

Mr. Jonas Silbery woke up with a start, feeling vaguely that something was wrong. He looked at his watch, and found it was half-past seven. "Confound it," he said, "that girl has overslept herself. I shall miss the 8.1."

And then, with a sigh, as one who recalls past joys vanished beyond all recall, he ejaculated with great fervour the single word "Damn!"

DREAM

BY A. R. UBSDELL

LAST night I dreamt, impossibly, a dream. . . .

It was a heavy tropic night that beat

Out thumpingly its wave on wave of heat

Across a weary world; it did not seem

That day would ever come again. Supreme

The stifling darkness reigned. On sloven feet

The hours and loitering dawn were loth to meet . . .

Last night I dreamt, impossibly, a dream.

A slim new moon was sickled in the sky,

And out of it you stretched your arms to pile

Lost minutes round the warped cross in the South,

Till, reaching Now, you bent to me, that I

Might see the blackness riven by your smile,

And know the stars as kisses of your mouth.

THE FILMS

BEAU PEEP AND CAUSE CÉLEBRE

BY MARK FORREST

Beau Ideal. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The Leicester Square.

Dreyfus. Directed by F. W. Kraemer and Milton Rosmer. The London Pavilion.

'**B**EAU IDEAL,' the new film at the Leicester Square cinema, is taken from one of the numerous sequels to 'Beau Geste,' and I must confess that I am heartily tired of this chivalrous family, whose quixotic natures lead them to expiate the faults of others in the Foreign Legion. 'Beau Geste' was finely directed, and Major Wren wrote the story with such gusto that the other deficiencies were in the end overlaid; but though, perhaps, one can succeed with an idea twice (see 'Beau Sabreur'), a third time is too much. In 'Beau Ideal,' the American friend of the Geste family has nothing better to do with his life than to seek out the last of the Gestes in the penal settlement of the Foreign Legion. This he does because he is in love with Isobel Brandon and cannot bear to see her separated from the man whom she adores; to bring John Geste back to her and to be called a "stout fella" are sufficient reasons for this American. This theme is that of a fairy tale gone mad; and while some of the public may like their leg pulled some of the time, I cannot think that they want it pulled off. Mr. Brenon, who made a good picture out of 'Beau Geste,' unfortunately wallows in the story, and except for one or two "shots" at the beginning and at the end, it is difficult to believe that this film has been handled by him. As far as the cast is concerned, Ralph Forbes continues to play John Geste, and the presence of Irene Rich, Loretta Young and Lester Vail ensures a good performance, but if the French could have known what the future held in store, they might well have considered whether peace in Morocco was worth the price.

'Dreyfus,' which is being given a special pre-release at the London Pavilion, is an ambitious effort for a British film company; but, though the results are by no means negligible, it seems to me that the directors have been overawed by their subject. Major Dreyfus is still alive, and that the affair is far from dead has been proved recently by the extraordinary scenes which have been enacted in Paris during the run of the play. The picture is not a picture in the true sense of the word at all, but merely a series of "frames," which reproduce, faithfully up to a point, the words used by various distinguished persons on various deplorable occasions. That such pains have been taken, flatters, I think, the interest of the British public in the affair. That they will know the ins and outs of the matter from the standpoint of Major Dreyfus is certain, provided that their interest is not stifled by having to witness large chunks of three courts-martial and one trial, unrelieved for a large part except by occasional "shots" of Dreyfus in his cell on Devil's Island. This subordination of the principal character upsets the balance of the picture, and the crude characterization of Major Esterhazy the balance of the argument. After all, public opinion was the vital factor, and this point is hardly stressed at all.

Major Dreyfus is played by Cedric Hardwicke, and his performance, though good, is not as outstanding as I hoped it might be. George Merritt, as Emile Zola, Sam Livesey, as Maître Labori, and Charles Carson as Colonel Picquart, all make the most of their opportunities, George Merritt being excellent. There are seventeen other speaking parts which are played quite adequately, but many of them would not be missed if the director had concentrated on film values and not on those of the theatre.

THE THEATRE

NOT ON SUNDAY!

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

King Lear. By Shakespeare. The Old Vic.

AFTER a week, in the course of which the West End managers, with characteristic doltishness, had crowded into two or three consecutive evenings sufficient new productions to keep an industrious dramatic critic busy for a fortnight, there has been a lull in theatrical activity. Moreover, concerning the only new play, called 'The Church Mouse,' I can tell you nothing—except that Sir Gerald du Maurier appears in the piece, which is presented at the Playhouse. You see, I was not invited to the Playhouse. I don't know why, but I never am invited to the Playhouse. There are other theatres to which I am never invited, but in their case I appreciate the reason—and the compliment. They are theatres specializing in that indigenous flower of British genius which bears the name of Farce.

But why the Playhouse management persistently ignores me is, I must confess, a question I find puzzling. Is it that I myself am so contemptible? Or have I inherited an odium provoked by one or other of my predecessors? If so, I wonder—was it Mr. Ivor Brown or Mr. Agate? Or did they too inherit, from the giants who preceded them? From Mr. Bernard Shaw, perhaps? Not, I feel sure, from "Max," who was, I believe, a gentle, kindly critic.

Lacking an invitation to the Playhouse, lacking too the effrontery required by a successful "gate-crasher," I yet refused to sit at home, like a critical Cinderella, while even the ugliest of my deadhead brethren were enjoying themselves, and doubtless gazing rapturously upon some Princess Charming. But where should I go? I scanned the advertised Amusements, seeking first among those entertainments which the Government has singled out as being, if not an altogether commendable form of Sabbath-breaking, yet at least less objectionable than the Theatre.

My eye first fell on Madame Tussaud's latest model: "Alfred Arthur Rouse." But no, I decided, lovely and edifying as the waxen image of a murderer might be on a Sunday afternoon, on a Thursday evening it seemed . . . nauseating. Doubtless, the better the day, the better, or at least less hideous, the deed. . . Besides, after all, this wasn't a Sunday evening, so why restrict my choice to such sanctified amusements as menageries, horror-chambers, and "The Screen's Most Daring, Gorgeous"—and no doubt, Uplifting—"Drama of Love"?

Why not go to one of those low haunts where entertainments, utterly unsuited to the Traditional English Sunday, are nevertheless still tolerated on the weekday evenings? I crossed the Thames, slunk past Waterloo, and arrived at the Old Vic.

The play was 'King Lear,' with Mr. John Gielgud in the "unactable" title-rôle. Or was it the play itself that was damned with that epithet? No matter; the point is unimportant, for neither is unactable. It is merely a rather difficult play for an unintelligent producer to produce, with a leading rôle that requires an actor who is physically and vocally robust as well as intellectually appreciative.

True, the story in 'King Lear' is even sillier than those in Shakespeare's other tragedies. True also, in adapting Holinshed and Philip Sidney, Shakespeare was even more careless than usual. True, that when at last he cuts the cackle of the plot and comes to the 'osses of his own philosophy, he forgets occasionally that his hero is a very old, mad king and continues through his mouth the bitter pessimism and immature misanthropy for which young Hamlet had already served as a more suitable medium. But because a play has faults, it is not therefore necessarily unactable. And the commentators waste their time (and ours!)

when they labour to invent ingenious theories to excuse its carelessness and reconcile its inconsistencies. If only they would realize that Shakespeare was no fool, but a man who despised the ridiculous stories which delighted and thrilled and amused his uncritical audiences! He knew that "the general" would never worry their heads over "adequate motives" for the villain's villainy; what they wanted, what they paid their money for, was an entertainment crammed with dramatic scenes and interludes of comedy. Well, he could give them what they wanted, and thereby amass that private fortune which was his (like every artist's) principal object in creating masterpieces. But had that been all he could do, he would never have stood head and shoulders above even his contemporary rivals. When he wrote 'King Lear,' he had already spent some fifteen years adapting and rewriting other people's plays and stories, and by 1605 the job must have been a tolerably easy and intolerably dull one. Luckily for him, and even more luckily for us, he was a poet and able to reclothe childish fairy-tales in magnificent language. Luckily for us, and even more luckily for him, he could also use them as an outlet for his private thoughts and feelings. He has "something to say"—something (though you'd never guess it from the commentators!) infinitely more interesting than the story of Cordelia and her wicked sisters! And he had to get that something off his chest—or burst! And all through 'King Lear' he was telling those who sat there listening to the villainy of Edmund and the cruelty of Goneril and the ravings of Poor Tom and the ravings of King Lear, that they and their fellows and their betters were rogues and fools, worse than the lowest animals, hateful, contemptible, hypocritical and vile!

The weakness of 'King Lear' (as well as its peculiar majesty) lies in the fact that Lear himself is utterly unsuited to express his author's thoughts. He is much too simple, much too splendidly barbaric. Besides, he alienates our sympathy, before the curtain has been raised five minutes, by an act of such stupendous folly and insensate cruelty that we watch his earlier misfortunes with more of amusement and judicial satisfaction than of sympathy and indignation. "Serves the old fool right!" we murmur; and to win our sympathy, Shakespeare has to pile horror on horror, wanton cruelty on wanton cruelty, mingling the "fretful elements" with human villainy. And the Lear who survives into the later scenes is inconsistent with the peppery old monarch with the earlier. Through suffering he passes, not to the calm, resigned philosophy of age, but to the fierce, frenetic and indignant bitterness of "flaming youth."

It is not at all surprising that it is in these later scenes that Mr. Gielgud is most successful. Before them his youth and intellectual refinement had been striving vainly to adapt themselves to an uncongenial environment of senile melodrama. Lear must rant; and Mr. Gielgud (to his credit, be it said!) is an unimpressive ranter. In the later passages, where Lear is really a resuscitated Hamlet, he was excellent; and he played the final scenes with delicacy and pathos. Miss Dorothy Green was an effective Goneril, but much too manifest a villainess to have deceived even such an impercipient old autocrat as Lear; a little more subtlety would improve her performance. Mr. Ralph Richardson was admirable as the disguised Kent; Mr. Robert Speaight, as Edmund, "smiled and smiled and was a villain" of true Elizabethan cynicism; and Mr. Leslie French quite brilliantly combined the clown and the philosopher incorporated in Shakespeare's "best-loved Fool." That poor Cordelia (about whose superficial character the commentators have wrought their craziest encomiums!) was played by a very obviously immature young actress, was a matter of comparatively small importance. The play as a whole was done with admirable gusto, swiftness and intelligence, for which the producer (Mr. Harcourt Williams) was no doubt primarily responsible.



THE DUKE OF TOLEDO

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

'THE ABSURDITY OF POLICEWOMEN'

SIR,—It is to be hoped that A. A. B. is wise enough to be repenting by now of his frivolous article on a serious subject, which for some reason you saw fit to publish in the SATURDAY REVIEW on April 18.

No one has ever attempted to assert that a policewoman is intended to be, in every respect, a replica of a policeman. Even a policeman does not spend much of his time, as a rule, in exerting physical force, and even a policeman has been known to faint when on duty, when lining the route of a procession, or at the sight of an accident. I have seen an instance of one, and read a report of another. Physical force is not the only means of maintaining public order. "In the name of commonsense and decency" it seems to the well-informed that the "she-policeman" is necessary for the majority of the population, who happen to be women and children.

A. A. B. would do well to refrain from expressing in public his thoughts on the subject of women until he is less ignorant than he appears to be. If he knew, or could even imagine something about the tragedies of womanhood, he would hardly treat the subject as a comedy. The truly tragic has no comic element in it.

For every case in which a policewoman acts foolishly there are scores of cases in which women are subjected to the basest humiliation and shame because policemen perform certain duties which should long ago have been relegated to women. The majority of policemen are decent fellows and to their credit it may be said that they themselves would willingly forgo ordeals which must be almost as humiliating to them as to the poor women.

My men friends have always assured me that no decent man ever alludes slightly to women, even in jest. What is one to think, then, of A. A. B.'s glib offer to send "a small subscription to start a new movement for the rescue of fallen women"? Let him know that no woman has ever yet fallen alone! Let him study the delinquencies of his own sex before he tries to sharpen his wit on the most delicate subject in the world!

I work for the "fallen," and could spend ten guineas every day if I had them to spend. The smallest subscription from A. A. B. or any of your readers or contributors would be most gratefully acknowledged by

FEMINA

SIR,—Will you permit one who has served, in uniform and plain clothes, as a constable in the Metropolis, to reply to A. A. B.

He is quite wrong when he states: "The police, like the army, stands for that physical force on which in the ultimate resort all human Governments rely."

In the first place, no Government can, for long, rely on physical force, and the implication that in the ultimate resort, all human Governments do so, is quite absurd.

"Law is the means by which persons are compelled to respect the rights of others." So says the policeman's text-book. Who makes the laws? The answer is: A. A. B., and myself, and all that great body which we call "Society." We mutually agree to do, or not to do, certain things, and we appoint police to see that the minority do not infringe our agreements.

That the police defends us with truncheons, handcuffs, and strong fists is also absurd. The defence lies not in these things at all, but in the power behind the possessor of them; that is, A. A. B., myself, and the others, and, moreover, be he ever so powerful with fists, handcuffs, and truncheons, if we withdraw that power, the policeman is quite helpless. For, as the text-book says elsewhere: "Without the co-operation of the public, no policeman can do his duty."

One average policeman possesses, as a rule, about the same strength as one average wrongdoer, and it is not exceedingly difficult to wrest his truncheon from him. The great advantage to the policeman lies, not in his personal strength, but in the fact that, in criminal cases, it is often an offence to resist arrest, and the punishment incurred is much greater than the original offence would have warranted. That is why seasoned criminals nearly always say: "All right, guv'nor. I'll come quiet."

I once had to arrest a drunken lorry driver. He was a powerful man, not too drunk, and we were surrounded by a crowd hostile to me; but he came without a murmur, and the crowd confined themselves to jests. Had he objected, I could not have held him for two minutes, apart from the help he might have received from the crowd. What they all feared was the power behind me—arrest, imprisonment, consequent loss of employment, and prestige—such as society, not the police, inflicts.

In similar circumstances a policewoman could have done as much, no more, no less.

What would the youthful poet and civil servant have said had his informant been a burly constable? Possibly he would have made a facetious or an indignant remark. Instead, "He thanked the (she) officer gravely." It seems to me that A. A. B.'s policewoman performed a useful duty in a perfectly useful way.

Why should Lady Astor be expected to start a new society for fallen women? Why shouldn't the State do the job? In any case the people have to pay; but why A. A. B. is prepared to subsidize charity, and yet objects to paying the State to do the work, is a problem that ordinary people, like myself, cannot understand.

I am, etc.,

A. G.

SIR,—I was duly amused by "fainting Constable Annie Jones" and thought it easily true of women reared in Victorian ladies' schools; then wondered if modern physical culture and especially jiu-jitsu might make all the difference. The scandal-mongering policewoman incident shows exactly where such are most likely to do more harm than good, and why most women mutually distrust one another, especially where sex is concerned. As you say, the uniform is the least important part of policeman and womanship. It is the genuine morale that is required, a wonderful mixture of saintship, heroship and commonsense most difficult to come at (especially combined with six feet of perfect physique!). However, it is the morale and not uniform or physique that counts, and is, after all, well sprinkled among the ordinary citizens, or police work would be impossible. Humour and *esprit de corps* are only occasionally required and are best in small quantities.

You say we can claim to use police bodies, truncheons and fists in our protection; collectively, not individually, I suppose you mean? I am oppressed and distracted by male police foolery in telling me they can do nothing till I summon my aggressors.

I am, etc.,

R. M.

SIR,—In 'The Absurdity of Policewomen' reference is made to "the rescue of fallen women." There is already, at least, one organization in this country which devotes its energies to this task.

It is somewhat singular that the adjective "fallen" should be applied to women and not to men. Are there no "fallen" men?

I have lived for a good many years among people who "live in sin" (according to the teaching of the Church in this and other European countries) in that polygamy is the social marriage custom. These people also practise a humane form of birth control. I saw no "fallen women" in that country—away from "civilization." Is the "fallen woman" a concomitant of Christian civilization? If so, there must be something wrong with it.

I am, etc.,

W. ADDISON

TYRANNY OF TITHE

SIR,—May I be permitted to refer to this subject again, the discussion of which I believe I originally began in your columns.

If Dr. Addison refuses to reopen this subject on the ground that the 1925 Act settled it for ever, he is acting most unfairly. At least two earlier Tithe Acts purported to "finally settle" the question. When, however, the Church party discovered that the final settlement was not to their advantage, they did not hesitate to reopen the question. This time it is only fair in the interests of the tithe payer that it should be reopened on his behalf.

There are abundant reasons why the whole question should be reconsidered, and if it so happens, let us hope that those who represent the tithe payer have more foresight and acumen than their predecessors, who were thoroughly outwitted when the earlier Acts were being discussed. The main grounds for reopening the question are:

1. The great increase in the cost of farming, including wages, ought to have been taken into account in assessing the value of tithe upon the selling prices of cereals. It was a grossly unjust piece of work and absolutely ridiculous not to take into consideration the increased costs, and to fix tithe only upon selling prices.
2. That tithe, being principally for the upkeep of the Church, should be paid by those who use the Church and not by a small class of them, i.e., farmers and landowners only.
3. That there are now many more farmers who own their own land than there were, as after the period of the war many farmers were obliged to buy their farms in order to avoid eviction, and the value of tithe was not taken fully into consideration in arriving at the purchase price. Even now, a vendor, on selling land, is not bound to disclose that there is a tithe upon it, and very often inexperienced purchasers find for the first time the existence of tithe when they have signed their contract for purchase and paid a deposit.

These are only some of the principal reasons why the whole question should be reopened. One would have thought that the Church would have welcomed any reconsideration of the question in order to avoid and remove the growing feeling that they had made a harsh and unconscionable settlement at the expense of the tithe payer in the 1925 and earlier Acts. When the 1925 Act was discussed, however, the horizon was not clear; higher rates were shortly to become due and those negotiating paid far too much consideration to this aspect of the matter. It would have been far better to allow the new rates to come into force, even although they were a little bit higher, because then the tithe payers' position would have been clear to the public and the absurdity of fixing the tithe on the selling prices only would have been much more manifest.

I am, etc.,

HAROLD EVES

Hastings

THESE REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

SIR,—Though I have listened in vain for the first cuckoo in Kensington Gardens, I shall write my spring letter through your agreeable medium.

I am as old and I hope still as merry as Charley's Aunt, and I am pulling myself together to face new changes, but I wish to say that I shall not be shocked even if the Budget undermines the Free Trade of my maiden days or copies the Continent in taxing advertisements, or puts a heavy tax on our passports when we prefer Le Touquet to Brighton, or issues paper money against a Silver Standard.

I don't want to be an old Dora, but I shall still go to evening church; I shall enjoy it more because cook and her lady assistant are at the cinema.

I have joined the Anti-Litter Brigade.

I am looking forward to a happy summer. I hope to cheer the King of Spain at the Derby. He saved a prisoner-nephew of mine in Germany, and I hope he will regard my umbrella as the equivalent of a halbert.

I understand, among other amusements to look forward to, that Signor Al Capone is distributing the prizes at Bisley this year and that the Scotland Yard Museum is to be opened to the public under the name of "The Wallace Collection."

Well, I am ready for anything, though I am only
AN OLD-FASHIONED LADY

BIMETALLISM

SIR,—Your article on the 'New Economic Problem' may, or may not, have been to some extent due to my letters on the subject of Bimetallism, but at any rate it has roused me to make a reply.

Some of the writer's statements bewilder me. For example, what does he mean when he says that the "peculiar feature of the economic distress rampant to-day" is that it occurs "not so much because the consumer cannot afford to buy, as because the producer cannot afford to sell"? As there is really no such thing as over-production except at a price, the inability of the consumer exactly equals the inability of the producer.

I am pleased, however, to note that he views a possible bimetallic agreement with some favour, but he made, so to speak, my hair stand on end like that of the bankers in Bryan's time, when he came out with that venerable "wheeze" about "all the silver of the world trying to force the doors of a country which gave it an artificial value"! We bimetallics admit that America might not have been able to maintain, single-handed, the ratio of 16 to 1, but to imagine that, had America opened her mint to silver at that ratio, all the silver in the world would have poured into the U.S.A. clamouring for a "return" in gold, is really absurd. Nobody in America would have dreamt of trying that game, and only when the *agio* on export of gold bullion in return for silver had risen beyond the usual fractional amount, would anybody anywhere have sold his silver for less gold than the normal American exchange would have yielded. On the other hand, had the Walcott Commission succeeded, nothing could ever have even shaken the ratio internationally established.

But even had Bryan and the Silverites succeeded, the market-price of silver everywhere would have leapt up to about the American ratio. There is no more artificiality about the "price" of silver in a bimetallic world than about the "price" of gold. Were gold demonetized, and x substituted for it, gold would begin to have a real price in terms of x , and that a falling one. Its remonetization would not give it a less artificial "price" than would the remonetization of silver give silver. Surely that is quite clear. All money is, in a sense, artificial.

Again, it does not vitiate the monetary theory of the economic distress that the fall in prices has not been equal all round. Ships sailing in a thwarting current do not all make the same headway—and such a current is the Currency.

I am, etc.,

J. H. HALLARD

NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

Four in Family. By Humphrey Pakington. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Olives are Scarce. By Edward Yates. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Laird of Glen Laggan. By J. J. Bell. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Vantage Striker. By Helen Simpson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Herod's Peal. By Russell Thorndike. Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

My Particular Murder. By David Sharp. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Murder at Wrides Park. By J. S. Fletcher. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

Four Handsome Negresses. By R. H. Baptist. Cape. 7s. 6d.

FOOLISH virgins who write novels seem to believe that disgruntled old gentlemen whose trade it is to review novels conspire to smash the sales. Marie Corelli, if I remember aright, withheld her works from the Press. Her spiritual children do not go so far as that. Any advertisement, after all, is an advertisement. But they have an injured air, and gladly accept so much per thou. to explain how unjust the critic is to the creator, the sterile to the prolific. If only they knew how refreshing it was for an explorer of that wilderness called English fiction to rest in an oasis, however scraggy, of intelligence, how eagerly that explorer looks out for anything original, and how vastly he is tempted to overpraise anything that is the product of a clean imagination, they would dress in sackcloth and put ashes on their hairs. We reviewers, as a matter of fact, are much too kind. So far from sneering at honest work, we boost anything that looks like literature. We are, if anything, impelled by the flood of competent and mediocre tales into applause of the slightest originality. The feebleness of criticism is reflected in the dullness of fiction, and the novel is rapidly sinking to the level of Sheridan Knowles's drama. The future historian, if any, will remark that in the 'thirties of the twentieth century, after D. H. Lawrence and Gilbert Cannan, the novelists were writing as if for the magazine pages of the popular pennies. Now Bennett is dead, and Mr. Wells is more interested in education—well, who is there? Aldous Huxley? He cannot write novels because he can neither frame a plot nor create a character, and if all he says is stimulating he has still to find the most impressive way of putting it across us. Dennis? But his powers, though considerable, are always infected by hysteria. Then what is the future of the English novel? Why, there is not going to be any future for it. The Victorians ran away from sex. The neo-Georgians run away from life.

'Four in Family' amused me very much. Here is a real humorist who never straggles into farce. I wish that I could suggest by quotation how good Mr. Pakington can be, but it is impossible, since he is no wise cracker but slowly builds up the humour of a situation by cumulative absurdities. There is a party at which paper games are played. And there is another party given by the Pilbeams, who are not quite quite—well, they live at Streatham. With impartial malice Mr. Pakington surveys all classes of society from the real county to the lower middle class. He is never vulgar and he is never dull. This is something really enjoyable.

But! Mr. Pakington is slack and sloppy as most of us are to-day. He cannot be bothered to write a plot, and his novel collapses into a welter of episodes like a skinless sausage. And the characters are far too few. Robert, Helen and their four children would have had, beyond their neighbours, more friends than William and Mary Pilbeam. 'Four in Family' is good, but might have been so much better. With all its faults I love it still.

'Olives are Scarce' is another most interesting and enjoyable book that might have been made so much better by a more intensive working of the author's intellect. As the belle of Calcutta—what nationality one never knows, but suspects Armenian—Olive, even before she is seventeen, fascinates the young Englishman and then badly lets him down, to take him up ten years later. She is a lovely, four-square creature, and whether by intention or not, Mr. Yates makes her more significant by making all the other characters faintly comic. She is of flesh and blood; the rest are cardboard. Jimmy is so banal, and the pseudo-Meredithian epigrams spattered about him make him duller still. This is an excellent novel as novels go; it has guts, wits and ideas; but there is no real urge behind it.

In 'Laird of Glen Laggan,' Mr. J. J. Bell tries to interest us in a railway porter promoted to the mastery of a fine house. We are asked to believe that his lairdship is completely ruined by an Englishwoman being rude to his wife. Ten thousand a year he had, and a lovely house, but after that insult he must go back and be a railway porter again. This is just silly. Nothing will persuade me that a Scotsman, because his wife was snubbed, "cut," at a party, is going to give up a fortune. Mr. Bell should know his fellow countrymen better.

Miss Helen Simpson's 'Vantage Striker' is a very curious book. Murder has been done, the murder of a prime minister, and not until the end is one quite assured of the identity of the murderer. But this "plot" is less important than the love story, and that again less important than the psychology of Bayne. A good book, this, but it wants pulling together. Slow to start, and cheaply cynical at the finish.

No more stimulating idea could have been found than that when certain chimes rang out a murder was committed. The sinister imagination of Mr. Thorndike makes full play of the situation, and the climax is so horrible that one's applause is hushed into silence. Yet 'Herod's Peal' is deformed by attempts at humour, and does not move quite rapidly enough. When the author tries to be funny, it is terrible. When he is sinister, he is just as sinister as things can be. Long before you know what the bell ringers are, the sheer procession of them strikes the heart.

'My Particular Murder' reminds one that if one does happen to come across a corpse in a quiet street, one ought to do something about it. Professor Fielding did not. Hence his difficulties. The detective story has been so reduced to a formula that it is losing its grip. The wit and the humour of Mr. David Sharp should do much to prolong its popularity.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher has decided to invent a detective. His crime stories have been generally admired, but no Inspector This or Doctor That has run through them. So now we have the first entry in the case book of Ronald Camberwell. Is it credible that Mr. Fletcher should not make his hero a Yorkshireman? Alas! Alas! Camberwell is just a boy and apparently of southern origin. Shame! We might have been given a rich and rare northerner. 'Murder at Wrides Park' is good and slight. Nothing that Mr. Fletcher writes could fail to amuse, and, perhaps, only a Fletcher fan could detect the culprit in the early stages of a well-knit shocker.

"Peace, solid as gold, airy like sunshine." This is how 'Four Handsome Negresses' begins. I cannot stand this pretentious nonsense. Can you?

REVIEWS

D. H. LAWRENCE

Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence.
By John Middleton Murry. Cape. 10s. 6d.

SINCE Lawrence's death, a little over a year ago, she has been written about and discussed almost *ad nauseam*, yet what has been said is, clearly, but a beginning. One hears continually of people, the strangest people, who to-day or to-morrow, or possibly the day after, are going to write "a book about Lawrence." They don't, often, really know what to make of him, but they feel him to be, in a special and personal sense, important. Mr. Murry, in publishing his account of Lawrence's spiritual development as revealed in the printed works, performs a double service, at once giving a coherent explanation of his friend's haunting attraction, and making unnecessary, and impossible, most of the projected monographs. It is not going to be easy, for the future, to write about Lawrence at all, for this book cannot be neglected; it will be necessary either to prove Mr. Murry mistaken, or to go still deeper.

He sees Lawrence as "a beautiful, suffering, divided, tormented being, driven by destiny to deny his own most wonderful faculties," betrayed by his tenderness. Brought up in psychical dependence upon a too loving mother, he remained all his life bound to a woman, mother or wife. He hated his dependence, but could never transcend it; he lacked "the final courage of his own isolation." Thus where he loved, there he must hate. This is the essential conflict revealed in book after book, though his quest for "a perfect relationship" carries it through many forms. From women he turns to men, from men to Holy Ghosts and Dark Gods conjured from within; he wanders restlessly about the world, everywhere seeking peace, but failing to find it because there is no peace in himself. The inevitable end was a spiritual death-in-life, and few things are more striking in a book full of striking observations than Mr. Murry's demonstration of Lawrence's own knowledge that all that was now left him was a resurrection. Yet it was the perfect flesh, rather than the spirit, to which he desired to be reborn, and it is in this connexion that Mr. Murry makes his highest claim for Lawrence: "Jesus and Lawrence stand over against each other. If Jesus was right, Lawrence is wrong; if Lawrence is right, Jesus is wrong. At every point the opposition is now naked. They are true opposites, complementary, and in a sense necessary to each other. And Lawrence knew it. The reckoning had to be settled. Either Lawrence must destroy Jesus, or Jesus will destroy him." The bare collocation of names will strike many as sheer blasphemy; it is due from them to read this book before passing judgment. To do so is at least to see that a strong case can be made out for Lawrence as "a symbolic man, one of the world's great exemplars of what a man may be; one of the chief of those rare spirits who bring men to a consciousness of their own strange destinies."

His belief that Lawrence was that is Mr. Murry's justification for writing a book which, in its utter intimacy and frankness, must give pain to still living persons, though he has, he says, revealed nothing which Lawrence himself, most autobiographical of writers, did not reveal. In the present reviewer's opinion, it absolutely vindicates itself, even though it tends rather too much to stress its subject's negative significance as a failure, and scarcely enough his positive value as a man. It is not an easy or a happy book, but it is as courageous and high-minded as Lawrence himself, and, as creative "life-adventure," as truly remarkable as anything he ever wrote.

GEOFFREY WEST

SEEING BACKWARDS

An Adventure. With a Preface by Edith Olivier and a Note by J. W. Dunne. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

ON August 10, 1901, two English ladies on a visit to Paris made an afternoon excursion to Versailles and the Petit Trianon. They had occasion to ask their way of gardeners and soldiers in the grounds; and one of the visitors noticed a lady sketching, observed that the dress she was wearing looked a little dowdy, and was surprised afterwards to hear that her companion had not seen the artist at her easel.

It must have seemed at the start an entirely commonplace expedition. But later on, when the two ladies—whose names are now given for the first time—came to compare notes, they arrived at the astonishing conclusion that what they had seen was not the Petit Trianon on a summer afternoon of 1901, but the Trianon as it was towards the close of the old French monarchy a century and a quarter before. The landscape and buildings were of the seventeen-eighties, the gardeners and soldiers were men employed by Louis XVI, the costumes and uniforms were accurate for the period. The lady who was sketching was identified as Marie Antoinette.

It is not very wonderful that this remarkable account of two English schoolmistresses stepping backwards over a hundred years in French history was rejected by the Psychical Research Society. But the evidence which has since accumulated round the story makes it difficult even for the seasoned sceptic to dismiss it out of hand. The plan of the gardens, for example, and the buildings described by the two ladies agree with the gardens and buildings as they were in 1780, not 1901; the uniforms and implements were also those of 1780. But the two ladies did not know this at the time, nor had they the knowledge to realize that these things were anachronisms. Only an expert, with an expert's knowledge of minute detail, would have known how French gardeners and soldiers dressed and spoke in the last days of the old monarchy. Actually the two ladies had no more than the ordinary educated Englishman's nodding acquaintance with French history. Yet their vision, reconstruction, imagination—call it for the moment what you will—was almost photographically accurate. When hallucinations are more exact than history, it is time to think.

But if it is difficult to reject the story out of hand, the difficulties of accepting it are stupendous. The good faith of the ladies cannot, of course, be impugned. Had they merely seen the Trianon as it was in 1780, one might conceivably, though with some little straining of evidence and ordinary probability, have interpreted the event as a dream which somehow reconstructed the past. But apart from the fact that they were actually awake and walking about and talking with each other (which alone seems to exclude dream and trance-states) they claim to have spoken to the gardeners and soldiers, and to have heard and understood the replies. In one case the reply was identified by an authority as being French spoken with an Austrian accent—probably a retainer of Marie Antoinette. No dream known to humanity has ever done that.

Either then the ghosts of 1780 appeared, spoke and were understood in 1901, or the two ladies walking in the Versailles garden in 1901 went back in time but not in space without knowing it. Once accept the bonafides of the story (which is perfectly vouched for) and there seem no other solutions.

But here another grave difficulty arises. In the ordinary ghost story the ghost moves forward from his own to the percipient's time, which is the indefinable

moving point that we call Now. But although he has a few personal properties—clothes, chains, or armour—he does not carry a whole countryside about with him. The Trianon ghosts, however, were surrounded by the gardens and buildings of 1780, not 1901; the very paths and borders had changed. (Not, I think, the flowers; which may be accounted for by saying that the vision of August 10, 1901, reproduced a scene from a previous August 10 in the eighteenth century, so that the season of the year would be the same. But in a hundred years so many new botanical species have been introduced into Europe that there must be some difference between the flora of Trianon in 1780 and 1901; and one could have wished for more information on what might have been a vital point.)

But if the Trianon ghosts, unlike all other ghosts, were surrounded by their own landscape, surely the evidence, taken exactly as it stands, suggests that the two ladies went backwards a century and a quarter in time, rather than that the ghosts came forward a century and a quarter. But that makes hay of every known theory of time—M'Taggart and Bergson and Einstein and Newton and everybody else; for every thinker holds that time is for us irreversible, and that ultimately it depends on the objective fact of an external physical cosmos of mass proceeding through space with a variety of measurable and calculable motions. Only Mr. Wells's fantastic Time Machine survives the wreck of philosophy; and even in that romance, it will be remembered, the operator only returned from his forward expedition. When he went backwards he was "never seen again."

No; this Trianon incident seems unique. Mr. Dunne, who will be remembered for his book on dreams foretelling the future, invokes his doctrine of Serialism, but it does not seem to me to carry the argument much further. You may dream of what is going to happen to yourself or other people, and your dream-prophecy may be right or wrong. The future in bulk is, after all, predestined, and it is simply a matter of correct foresight; Mr. Dunne's own dreams were often, I recollect, right or near-right, but other people's forward-looking dreams are mostly and often grotesquely wrong. But this Trianon business, apart from the fact that it was not a dream at all, involved a step backwards and not forward in time.

But if one can go backwards in time, then it is at least odd that nobody else should ever have done so; all the hundreds and thousands of people who have seen ghosts have regarded the ghost as coming forward, not themselves as stepping backwards in time. When St. Osyth is seen walking with her head under her arm in a monastery garden, it is the saint who is presumed to have survived a thousand years, not the percipient who has gone back to the days of the Danes.

That, to me, is the most inexplicable business of what remains more than ever an utterly inexplicable story. Mr. Dunne, it is true, does not feel the difficulty so acutely; he thinks our sense of time is merely a habit, and that we can on occasion see backwards as well as forwards in time as well as in space. That may well be, but even so it does not cover the whole of the Trianon episode. These ladies actually claim to have talked to people in the eighteenth century, and to have been answered in the ordinary fashion of the day.

But if that means anything, it means that an apparently ordinary member of Parliament might find himself casually conversing one afternoon with William Pitt, not in the present House of Commons, but in the old one which was burnt down a century ago; and that the present Dean of St. Paul's, meditating in his restored cathedral, might suddenly be faced with a conversational Dean Donne in Old St. Paul's. I can believe a good deal, but it would require much more evidence before I could believe that.

A. WYATT TILBY

THROUGH SHAKESPEARE'S WINDOW

A Second Elizabethan Journal. By G. B. Harrison. Constable. 24s.

IF PEPYS had lived one hundred years earlier than he did, would he have kept a diary? That question must tantalize all who regret that the habit of writing memoirs was almost unknown in Elizabethan times, and that the men of that adventurous age, for all their energy and curiosity, were so content with active living that even biography was a habit virtually unknown to them. The one book from Italy that proved no incentive to Italianate Englishmen was Cellini's autobiography, and the consequence is that we know very little of the many Elizabethans who interest us most, and have but a scanty record of their time from the hands of eye-witnesses. Shakespeare certainly was personal in his sonnets, but only to an extent which has driven many of his readers mad. From the point of view of certain information the sonnets have proved as much a hindrance as a help, and their chief effect has been to beget a mountain of conjecture. Pepys was the first Englishman to satisfy human curiosity, and from that alone deserves to be called one of the most original of authors. Where satisfaction must be wanting substitution is sure to follow, and Dr. Harrison has found, for the second time, a very ingenious way of giving us the next best thing. From registers and calendars, from letters and journals, from voyages and proclamations, from annals and rolls, he has picked out plums of news, and he has arranged these in order of date, so as to give the effect of a diary written by one who was well-informed of everything that was happening or was the subject of gossip.

It will be recognized at once that the method is both authentic and racy, for the sources are the material of history and the style is the written idiom of its day. The consequence is that the reader becomes an Elizabethan while he is reading, shares the pre-occupations of the Queen's subjects, and is amused by a very diverse collection of facts and anecdote. Like all excellent inventions, Dr. Harrison's makes us wonder that nobody had thought of it before. Our sole regret is that the record is not so personal as it would have been if the compiler had been a single being—preoccupied, first of all, with the limited field of his own private doings, friendships, and interests. The years covered in this second volume are 1595-98, and there is a hint in the preface that something of the same kind is also in hand concerning Shakespeare. I look forward to that, for the only modern life of the poet that I have read with satisfaction was one confining itself rigidly to quotations from documents concerning him.

It would be difficult to classify the chief subjects with which this second journal deals: the war with Spain, the quarrels of Essex with the Court, the production of new plays, cases of possession and of witchcraft, the openings of Parliament, the execution of criminals and recusants, public disturbances, the speculations of merchants taking advantage of a rise in the prices of food, the death of Lord Burleigh, remain in the memory. These are enlivened with gossip and scandal and few of the entries are longer than a passage from a real diary might be. A taste of the book is best given by quotation:

It hath been reported about the Court that Mr. Richard Champernoun, the music master, to satisfy his own humour doth use boys otherwise than were fit for one that professeth Christianity, gelding them to preserve their voices; which report he vehemently denieth.

Many of the alehouses in London and the county of Middlesex that were suppressed some months since are again restored so that the rogues and vagabonds, which the Provost Marshalls do by day drive from about the City, keep the fields and commit pilferies in the country in the night season, and then stealthily return to the alehouses.

Of late a thief confessed that he with two others lay in an alehouse three weeks, in which time they eat twenty fat sheep, whereof every night they had one.

We also hear of Burbage building a theatre in Blackfriars, of the publication of Bacon's 'Essays,' and of his applying through Essex for preferment in vain. The temper of the Queen is followed with anxiety:

The Queen hath of late much annoyance from the Lady Mary Howard, one of her ladies-in-waiting, for as much as she refused to bear her mantle at the hour when her Highness is wont to air in the garden, and on small rebuke did vent such unseemly answer as bred much choler in her Mistress. . . Since the Irish affair she seemeth more froward toward her women . . . often chides for small neglects in such wise as to make these fair maids often cry and bewail in piteous sort.

Mr. William Shakespeare's play of 'The Tragedy of Richard the Second' that was publicly acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men is being printed, but without that scene of the deposing of King Richard.

A reference to King James's 'Dæmonology,' in which he describes the trick of making a waxen image of one intended to be hurt by the maker, recalls an odd experience of my own. Visiting a flat I saw the occupier kneeling in front of a gas-stove with a lump of plasticine. Inquiring what was afoot, I learned that an image of the occupier's landlord was being roasted: surely the oddest use to which a gas-fire has been put at the present day. We miss half the point of such records as Dr. Harrison's if we regard them as quaint records of the past. Whatever else it may be, ours is an age of superstition and credulity, and the possession of a gas-fire (in itself an invention of the devil), a telephone, and a wireless is no guarantee of a secular or materialist attitude to life. Belief of any kind is rarely based on reason; it is almost always a matter of taste, and physical explanations would have seemed as inadequate to our forefathers as some of their supernatural explanations seem to us. Dr. Harrison has produced a very vivid chronicle which resembles a newspaper of Elizabethan times. The reader who complains that no one person could have known all that he records is simply at a loss for a valid objection to it. I commend it to all who want to see the world under Shakespeare's eyes.

OSBERT BURDETT

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

Watchings and Wanderings Among Birds. By H. A. Gilbert and Arthur Brook. Arrow-smith. 10s. 6d.

Bird Life in Devon. By Walmesley White. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Bird Life in England. By John Kearton. Allan. 12s. 6d.

Birds of Jesmond Dene. By Sir George Noble. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

THE titles for books about birds are obviously worn out; but happily the subject is in better case. Could any name be more vaguely vagabond than 'Watchings and Wanderings'? It sounds like the autobiography of a melancholy lunatic in a poultry yard; but the book itself is fresh, original and precise and has the prime virtue, trailing glory from White's 'Selborne,' of a strictly local setting for each chapter. We see the birds at home: the peregrine in Pembrokeshire, the

gannets on Grasholm, the spoonbill in Hungary, the golden eagle in Scotland. Mr. Gilbert has a preference for big birds in wild scenes, though he hates that most ruthless of all birds, the greater black-backed gull. The account of peregrine, raven and chough in 'Little England Beyond Wales' could scarcely be bettered; and for those who do not know the coast and islands about St. David's Head it will be news, and welcome news, that all these birds, as well as the buzzard, are now "plenty," as the old chroniclers said. Some points are missed by want of knowledge of the annals. It is true that choughs were more numerous a hundred years ago, but they had quite disappeared twenty-five years ago. They are now fairly numerous, in spite of the jackdaws that these two vagrom authors regard as their chief enemy. It may interest them to know that years ago jackdaws were said to have driven the choughs out of the gorgeous ruins of the Bishop's Palace, where once they nested next door to the cathedral.

'The Birds of Devon' has just the same sort of virtues, in rather more concentrated form, though the story is rather the less exciting of the two: it smells and tastes of Devon. And it strongly corroborates the truth, obvious enough to all coast dwellers who observe, that the big birds have returned to their old haunts all along the West Coast and are now as numerous as we want them to be. Both books too are written with real charm of style and the gusto that produces it. Mr. White has some passages which his namesake, writing a hundred and fifty years ago from his Hampshire Rectory, might have fathered. The most delightful of all perhaps concern the woodlark and the marsh-warbler, especially in reference to their strange skill in absorbing, perhaps consciously mimicking, the songs of other birds. The description of a particular marsh-warbler is a real masterpiece and not without scientific value. It would be worth the while of Mr. White, if he does not know the bird already (and he would surely have used it in illustration of his theme if he had heard it) to study the Icterine warbler which some of us saw and heard frequently in Artois during the war. Its cry is distinctive enough, but there is scarcely another bird that it does not on occasion imitate with persuasive accuracy.

One common, and irresistible, quotation connects his book with Mr. Kearton: "The soft, enamoured woodlark sings"; and it happens that Mr. Kearton's greatest accomplishment—and the standard he has set is high—is a "close up" of this most musical of all our birds. It is also among the most local, though perhaps its localities are more numerous than is generally thought. Mr. Kearton has a fuller supply of photographs than the other naturalists, but all three books have a number of admirably life-like presentations of rare and salient birds. One of the best pictures ever taken of a British bird is to the credit of Mr. Nicholl, who illustrates Mr. White's book, of a night-jar stretching its wings to a vertical pitch, and all his illustrations of the Devon book, if not quite up to this level, are of high merit. Mr. Kearton's photographs are at least as good and more numerous; and in one case of some scientific value they may be held to compensate for the really desperate clichés of the written word. Even our old enemy "feathered friends" finds an honoured place. Yet Mr. Kearton can tell what he sees admirably, when he is not consciously "writing up"—horrible phrase—the subject of his photographs.

Some good coloured pictures, a good list of birds with adequate descriptions, some touch of real humour, give value to a confessedly amateurish book about the birds of Jesmond Dene, the most charming bit of scenery in any park in England and a constant attraction to birds. All Newcastle at any rate should value the volume, above all those who appreciate Sir George Noble's pretty proverb: *Ubi aves, ibi angeli.*

W. BEACH THOMAS

A POLAR HERO

Endurance: An Epic of Polar Adventure. By Commander Frank Worsley. Allan. 21s.

THIS book is well written and welcome as a tribute to hero-worship and amazing fortitude. It opens with the ship *Endurance* caught in the Polar sea and threatened with a speedy end through the pressure of drifting pack-ice. That was Shackleton's warning to his skipper, the writer of this narrative. Thus we are thrust into the middle of difficulties without information how they came about, or whether they could have been avoided. The story of Shackleton's expedition in war-time has, however, already been told by the leader,* and this book adds what he did not say. Not having arrived at the post-war epoch when throwing bouquets at oneself became a commonplace of advertising authors, Shackleton did not write of his own sacrifices, his wise and resolute spirit, and the commanding personality which inspired confidence. In a world of new inventions, especially flying machines, such desperate adventures as his can hardly happen again. The waste places of the earth still call, indeed, for hardship, but the explorers can be heartened by the fact that they are there for the cinema and the wireless as well as for the benefit of science.

Commander Worsley has a happy, humorous spirit, as appeared from Shackleton's book, and having kept a diary in very trying conditions, he produces detail which is always effective. Incidentally, he makes out a useful contrast between the Arctic and Antarctic. He does not often criticize his leader, who was princely in his generosity, and unable to keep money for himself. In truth, Shackleton had a touch of coarseness as well as mysticism, but he was born to rule, and his decisions were never questioned. He could be cautious, but when the great risk had to be taken, he felt that Providence—that vague abstraction of deity—was on his side. He did get through: he never lost a man under his care; and perhaps the best tribute to him was the scene when he returned in a Chilean vessel to pick up the men he had left stranded on Elephant Island. When they recognized him, they cried out, "Thank God the Boss is safe."

He was a great manager. When cliques and factions grew up, he found some pretext to redistribute the occupants of tents. When all superfluous weight had to be dropped, he threw away his gold watch and let a man keep his banjo. He was a master of human sympathy and discernment. The notice of various members of the party adds much to the interest of the story, which in this way surpasses the ancient epics. The rank and file of the Greek forces before Troy may have sung something like

It's a long, long way to Lacedæmon,

but Homer has missed them out altogether. Shackleton's men were heroes, eating seaweed, drinking methylated spirit, facing Killer whales.

Finding the way to Elephant Island was thrilling enough, but the voyage of 800 miles in the cramped space of a single boat to South Georgia was a still more amazing feat, and when that was accomplished, three of the party tramped right across the island to the whaling stations without sleep, halting only for meals and sliding down a precipice that barred their way. The author's skill in navigation did much to make the sea hazards a success against long odds. He had to steer by the feel of the wind and the angle of the little pennant at the mast-head. The crew were incessantly soaked through and had to cut off masses of ice that threatened to sink their heavily loaded craft.

* 'South.' 2 vols. Second Edition. December, 1919.

Lord Jellicoe's Preface adds little to the book. He might have noted that nearly all the members of the Expedition returned to fight in the war and that the author's quick brain and ready daring accounted for three submarines.

VERNON RENDALL

GOD

The Revelation of Deity. By J. E. Turner. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

DR. TURNER has won the reputation of being one of the ablest apologists for theism at present writing in England. The volume before us is the successor of two others, and is concerned not so much with proving the existence of God as with showing how Deity may be thought of as being revealed. Deity is defined as "a supremely real Being possessing personal attributes of the highest conceivable order." This makes it clear that hybrid notions of unconscious purpose, blind will, and so forth, are ruled out; and certainly it seems best either to have a personal God or to have none at all. If personality is something different in the case of God from what it is in humanity, it will have to be something more, and not less, in much the same way as human personality is ampler than that of the starfish.

God's revelation of Himself inevitably involves the idea of creation; and this "need not be given its usual meaning of unintelligible mystery; for it is justly applicable to many of the highest stages of human experience. Not only does the artist, but also the pure thinker and able statesman, create. Just as Beethoven created his symphonies, so Darwin created his theory of natural selection." In fact, as a personality develops, it becomes more creative—inevitably.

Yet the material universe can constitute no more than a more or less distant and indirect revelation of Deity—its very automatic and mechanical character may conceal its creator from our observation. Yet in spite of this, the universe, even when regarded from the neutral standpoint of the philosopher, does reveal "an indelibly ethical aspect." It is the constitution of reality—the nature of things—that is the ultimate sanction of every moral ideal and ethical demand; just as it is the universe itself which yields the final guarantee or ultimate sanction of all knowledge. It is sometimes supposed that relativity is inherent in ethics and not in science, but the distinction cannot be upheld. True, our ethics may be imperfect, just as our science may be. But ethical truth, sanctioned by the nature of things, exists, just as scientific truth, also sanctioned by the nature of things, exists to complement it. The crudity of our contemporary ethics is no criterion, any more than the crudity of medieval science. Even at present a selective process is in operation, weeding out the communities whose ethics, as well as whose science, fails to establish contact with reality. It will be seen from this that Dr. Turner does not endorse T. H. Huxley's absolute antithesis between the cosmic and the ethical processes.

This closely reasoned volume should indicate to those interested that theism is not as yet altogether a bankrupt theory.

J. C. HARDWICK

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

PRACTICAL CONSERVATISM

The Rebirth of Conservatism. By Dorothy Crisp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Democracy on Trial. By Lord Eustace Percy. Lane. 7s. 6d.

ALL the thinking in British politics has for so long been done by the Left that it is a welcome relief to find a book that makes an effort to redress the balance. Miss Crisp gives proof on every page not only of holding the old Tory faith in its purity, but also of being able to apply it to the problems of the present day. Her style is attractive, and she puts her case without unnecessary verbiage, while there is an outspokenness about her opinions that is refreshing in these times of timidity on the part of the statesmen of the Right. Indeed, it would be no bad thing if every Conservative candidate in Great Britain were forced to pass an examination on Miss Crisp's book before adoption by his local association.

Briefly, her thesis is that Conservatism must purge itself of its Socialist tendencies before it can hope to regain the confidence of those who supported it in the past. Miss Crisp realizes that the old balance of the Constitution, upon which Canning laid such insistence, must be restored, and she outlines the programme which in her view would bring this about. With quite exceptional brilliance she argues against the break-on-the-wheel school, and proves conclusively that a policy of pure negation will never carry the day. In short, the author gives evidence of a profundity of thought and of an aptitude for analysis that must inevitably make her a very valuable member of the Conservative Party.

Included in Miss Crisp's book are a number of essays on Conservatism from the pens of various prominent undergraduates, and extremely interesting they are. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Bryant Irvine, whose names are familiar to readers of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, write on the 'Mastery of the Seas' and the 'Search for World Peace' respectively, and both articles are examples of that breadth of mind and accuracy of diagnosis which one has learnt to associate with their authors. In more than one of these contributions there is an undercurrent of iconoclasm, and Mr. Green, of Cambridge, makes no effort to conceal his contempt for Conservative leadership when he says: "Lord Salisbury was an apologist, Lord Balfour a defeatist. Mr. Baldwin has combined them both." Although the quality of these essays from the universities is a little uneven, they are all of the greatest value as evidence of the standpoint of the rising generation.

Lord Eustace Percy is more concerned with policies than with principles, but his book provides a good deal of food for thought. He holds that civilization as we know it is within measurable distance of collapse, and so far as Great Britain is concerned he undoubtedly places his finger upon the weakness of our whole constitutional system, namely, the divorce between politics and economics. Moreover, in declaring that the mass of people in these islands "have political freedom, as it is called, but no social freedom" he is giving expression to a truth which is by no means so often stated as it should be. However, when Lord Eustace passes from the analysis to the remedy it is not so easy to agree with him. His proposal for the constitution of an Economic Council would necessitate a very strong executive of the Italian pattern to keep the balance between it and Parliament, and as it is an axiom that sovereignty cannot be divided, the Representative System would probably in the end prove unworkable. Indeed, there is a marked resemblance between the views of the present author and those of Sir Oswald Mosley, though the latter is more ready than Lord Eustace Percy to relegate Parliament to a secondary place.

CHARLES PETRIE

MODERN EUROPEAN TENDENCIES

A Cultural History of the Modern Age. By Egon Friedell. Knopf. 21s.

THIS is the first instalment of a stimulating work. The author's intention is to study the conditions of Europe, laying particular emphasis on manners and philosophic systems, from the Black Death to the Great War, with a view to discovering the tendencies at work to-day, and a new 'Weltanschauung.' The present volume contains a disquisition on what is meant by Cultural History and the history itself up to the Thirty Years' War.

It is odd that among the philosophers passed in review there should be no mention of Fichte, who observed that the literature of every epoch is the expression of a Divine idea, which, though essentially the same throughout, is in continual need of fresh interpretation; for this approximates to the author's treatment, which, it need hardly be said, is rather discursive than exhaustive. His introduction is, in effect, an ironical apologia for the function of the dilettante as opposed to the critical historian; but this seems an almost inevitable consequence of the position that the future of Europe is of more momentum than its previous paroxysms.

The core of this instalment is the replacing of Nominalism by Actuality. The picture of the Middle Ages, that realities are the universals, might perhaps be questioned, but it is essential to Friedell's argument. A book like W. P. Ker's 'The Dark Ages' gives the literal side of what is too fatally easy to sum up thus: "Not the artist who made poems in stone and glass was real, but the lofty cathedral which he, a nameless one of many, created." Anyhow, universals were dethroned, Europe was plague stricken, and we are on the way to the Renaissance. In the facts that culture fell more and more into the hands of the laity, that realism invaded art, and woman practical life, the writer sees a parallel in the present age.

Great emphasis is laid on the figure of Faust, as embodying the new tendencies. Herein the special danger, or virtue, of cultural historiography lies. The author takes over Goethe's creation and throws it back before the period of Cornelius Agrippa. He is, you see, interpreting the past by the present or, in this case, by the work of Goethe's maturity and old age. It is Friedell whom we are reading. Anyone conversant with the period realized that Faust was merely one among magicians, and no more embodied world-conceptions than did Paracelsus or the sage of Nettesheim.

An English reader will find most to interest him in the last twenty-six of these 348 pages. We are told, apropos of Queen Elizabeth, that "cant" is regarded by England's enemies as the national characteristic, and cant is defined as "a talent of feeling everything to be true and good which brings immediate practical advantage." If we may foreshadow the rest of this "cultural history" from a single passage, it must appear that England heads the van of modern civilization, since by her action in entering the Great War she effectively rid herself of this obnoxious trait.

The estimate of Bacon is very sound, e.g., the failure of his public character as due to "an almost morbid fear of royal disfavour," and the observation that he was anticipated by Roger Bacon, just as Darwin was by Erasmus Darwin, shows the wideness of the author's reading. Equally good is the comparison between Bacon's style and Shakespeare's: "The essence of his style is mature splendour . . . His imagery differs wholly from that of Shakespeare, whose poetry is dominated by a rush of pictures which gathers together a whole world of intercrossing and jostling similes."

The translator is Mr. C. F. Atkinson and, despite the difficulty of making German philosophical writing readable, he has succeeded very well.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Science and Religion: A Symposium. Howe. 4s. 6d.

THE British Broadcasting Corporation endures—stoically enough, we must agree—a perpetual storm of criticism, but it has given us many good things, even on Sundays. Some of the "Points of View" addresses apart, nothing perhaps stands out more memorably for the intelligent listener than the recent series of Sunday afternoon talks on science and religion, twelve of which are now printed in this cheap but attractive volume. The subject is for ever being canvassed, of course, but seldom by so distinguished a group of thinkers as this. Mr. Julian Huxley, Sir J. A. Thomson, Professor J. S. Haldane, Dr. Malinowski, and Sir Arthur Eddington ably represent the various scientific fields, and the Bishop of Birmingham, the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Streeter, Father C. W. O'Hara, and Dean Inge appear on behalf of religion. Professor Alexander and Dr. L. P. Jacks are no less eminent philosophic interveners.

Dr. Jacks, whose summing-up is one of the best addresses in the series, goes all but to the heart of the matter in declaring both science and religion to be merely abstractions; the reality is scientific persons and religious persons, and much if not most of the controversy arises from the sheer ignorance and human frailty of Fundamentalism on both sides. Not all, however. It is easy to define the sphere of science as quantitative, that of religion as qualitative, but as Dean Inge realizes: "We have to build bridges between the world of fact and the world of value. We must have a bridge, for we are constantly crossing from one side to the other." That which is good, our deepest natures assert (and every established religion agrees), must have some relation to scientific truth, or that goodness is illusory. Dr. Jacks rightly regards Sir Arthur Eddington's contribution as the pivot of the symposium: "He has led us back to the central question of what is implied in there being such a thing as science at all. It implies the existence of beings who have a felt responsibility towards truth, beings . . . to whom it matters enormously whether what they believe is truth or error." In that "felt responsibility" lies the germ not only of science but of religion.

All the essays are well worth reading and pondering upon; they may not carry one to any settled conclusion, but each will stimulate to criticism and independent thought.

PORTHOS

Dumas: Father and Son. By Francis Gribble. Nash and Grayson. 21s.

THE one writer who could have produced a really satisfactory life of Dumas père was Dumas père himself. It would have been untrustworthy on points of detail, but it would have contained the spirit of the man who was, in Michelet's words, a force of nature, and, in his own, King of the Romantic World. Finical exactitude about such a being is unnecessary, tiresome, and misleading. He may have been some sort of megalomaniac. It is certain that the Dumas legend, which he cultivated and circulated so industriously, teems with monstrous exaggerations. His claims to a share in making French history have no basis beyond a vivid imagination and a few escapades in which he displayed swaggering courage. To what extent he was author of his own books, including his masterpieces, is problematical. It is even possible that

the huge tally of his wenching exploits was swollen by his inventive genius. But everything about him, not forgetting his aptitude for lying, was on the gigantic scale. Were the elder Dumas to be considered merely as a joke, it should still be acknowledged that he was the biggest joke perpetrated by the nineteenth century.

It is precisely the man's size which his latest biographer has failed to grasp. Mr. Gribble, presenting him as a vulgar charlatan, suggests that his bombast was due to an inferiority complex resulting from his negro blood. The Dumas père of this volume is a personification of Adler's "masculine protest." Yet for this theory no warrant whatsoever is discoverable in anything known of his disposition and habits. The neurotic individual puffing himself up to proportions of the full man always betrays certain characteristics, among which caution, tyranny, a tendency to disparage others, and the masochistic virtues are prominent. Alexandre Dumas had none of these in his composition. He never played for safety, and in his easy-going generosity there was no trace of self-sacrifice as a motive. If he tired of a mistress, he would present her with the whole suite of bedroom furniture, and to pay the funeral expenses of Marie Dorval, who had left him for de Vigny, he pawned a treasured decoration; but there is no instance of Dumas hurting himself in mind, body, or estate to gain ascendancy over another creature. His freedom from the literary jealousy which disfigured Hugo and Saint Beuve might, too, be taken as a proof that his self-assurance was genuine. Moreover, the thwarted aspirant for completeness is blind and deaf to every jest against himself. Dumas, on the contrary, enjoyed jests at his expense as Henry Ford values gibes about his cars. Although he attributed to his son the story that he sat on the box of his carriage to persuade the world he could afford a negro groom, it was surely

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his own fabrication. Mixed origins may give a key to his character, but it was no knowledge or feeling of imperfection. His sense of the theatre contained no notion of congruity. The quadroom lived gaily with a highfalutin feather in his hat and the red nose of the lost comedian on his face.

As to Dumas *films*, neither Mr. Gribble nor anybody else can make him interesting or attractive. Sad to say, the reformed rake is rarely agreeable. If he turns preacher, while still maintaining a man of the world attitude, he is always odious. 'La Dame aux Camélias' is still worth reading for its revelations of a young man's sentiments. Its author's later work is as pompously futile as was his private life.

D. WILLOUGHBY

A CONTENTED LAWYER

Essays in Jurisprudence and the Common Law.

By A. L. Goodhart. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

MR. A. L. GOODHART, the learned editor of the *Law Quarterly Review*, has written in this book on many subjects which are of interest to lawyers only, but also on some of universal interest. The book is of importance, if only for his serious and well-argued statement that the General Strike of 1926 "was in furtherance of a trade dispute," and that its leaders were neither guilty of a criminal offence nor civilly liable for their acts. Sir John Simon's famous declaration and Mr. Justice Astbury's judgment, both made during the strike, were both unsound in Mr. Goodhart's opinion.

This is a very grave matter. If Mr. Goodhart is right, the comfortable assurance that legislation was not necessary to prevent another General Strike is but a delusion. I am not going to be so reckless as to attempt to record any vote between these learned protagonists, but the very fact that there is this acute difference of first-class legal opinion shows the necessity for some legislative enactment. It is, I suggest, not in the public interest and not fair to our judges that our courts should have to decide such a question without any relevant and definite Act of Parliament. It is for Parliament, not the Courts, to lay down the extent to which sympathetic strikes are to be legal.

Mr. Goodhart in other essays compares our judicial system with that of America. Such a comparison is nearly always reassuring, but our lawyers would be better employed in a comparison between our system and that of continental nations, especially Germany and Switzerland. Comparison with America is apt to make us self-satisfied. Comparison with Germany, etc., should make us uneasy and inquisitive, and to-day these are the qualities that we lawyers ought to show.

These essays give no sign that Mr. Goodhart is uneasy at our present legal conditions. His references to the cost of litigation in this country, to our methods of judge-made law and of appeal and so on, betray no self-examining enthusiasm, no uneasy legal conscience. He tells us with pride that "625 volumes [of reported decisions] will make a complete working library" for the practising lawyer. But is not that fact enough to prove our need for reform? Is it any consolation to us that America pours out even more judge-made law than we do?

CLAUD MULLINS

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

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A BENEVOLENT DICTATORSHIP

A Realist Looks at Democracy. By Alderton Pink. Benn. 10s. 6d.

POSTULATING that though education may shape, it cannot alter the stuff of human intelligence, this brilliant attack on majority rule sets out to prove that since men are governed by suggestion rather than reason, modern democracy is only a name hiding the fact of the power exerted by vast irresponsible commercial groups through skilful advertising, the suppression of facts, and expert manipulation of mass-psychology in the cinema and the Popular Press.

The mental rule of men energetic and stupid, convinced that "progress" means overgrowing production and ever-expanding markets, and concerned only to make money even if the method be the creation of mob-hysteria, is bound to lead ultimately, by way of war, to the breakdown of our civilization, which, Mr. Pink holds, it is already eating away by debasing the standard of that culture for whose preservation he believes the State to exist.

He recommends that the wise and benevolent dictatorship of an intellectual aristocracy should be established: that the State should control all such vehicles of mass-suggestion as advertising, the Press and the cinema; and that the schools should inoculate with dogmatic social beliefs the minds of that dull receptive majority of children now liable to every epidemic fever of the herd-instinct.

The author himself admits the countless objections to this plan; but, convinced that the liberty he desires is impossible, he prefers a sober, responsible and recognized authority to a frivolous financial despotism, as must everyone who believes these to be the only alternatives. His vision, however, of a Government selected by competitive examination ignores the fact that though an active democracy tends to evaporate in the shallows of conscious thought, there nevertheless exists a passive emotional democracy, whose desire to be loyal it is dangerous to thwart, one which needs personalities more spectacular than that of the average clever Civil Servant on which to focus its devotion. Mr. Pink's Government should keep a king as an incarnate advertisement for its work.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

The Reconstruction of India. By Edward Thompson. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

MR. THOMPSON wrote this book in America; the sentence "it is strange that Lord Irwin's promise should have so vexed some" would justify us in saying that the book is written in American. It is presumably intended mainly for the consumption of Americans who ordinarily read books on India which "could not survive a day's criticism in England." In America Mahatma Gandhi "has a definite 'news' value, which puts him in a class alone with T. G. Lawrence and Colonel Lindbergh." If, as one hopes, this book will be widely read in America, it will do much good, reasonably though one may wish that the book were better. It was obviously written in a hurry, and is both untidy in arrangement and inadequate in its material. Mr. Thompson would have done well to have written of the reasons why British rule came in India. He complains of the way in which Indian history is written, but he would have done a good service if he had explained why a British trading enterprise became a British Government and had pictured the condition of the country at the time. These things are not understood in America.

Mr. Thompson is at his best on the vast need for social and religious reform in India. The greatness of G. K. Gokhale lay in his realization that

political progress must follow social and religious emancipation. It is the weakness of India's present political leaders that, while many of them realize this truth, they act as if political emancipation could be successful alone. "The cinema mind has taken possession of many of the younger generation of Indian politicians, especially in Bengal." Again, "India is riddled with misery, which it is easy to set down to British 'exploitation.' Nine-tenths of it has other sources, obviously within the Indian social systems." Tagore has consistently, and Gandhi has at times, told Indians that self-government will be useless without social and religious reform. As Mr. Thompson says: "As long as the mass of the Indian people marry their women far too young, breed up to the very limits of subsistence and beyond it, and keep their women uneducated, so long will they be unable to get justice from other nations." Mr. Thompson quotes Mr. Sen Gupta in 1928: "Slavish worship of the past, communal dimensions, the caste, the purdah, polygamy, early marriage and other cankers of the body politic are responsible for our failure." But there are also the absurd veneration of the cow, resulting in "millions of worthless cows," the use of manure for fuel and building instead of for agriculture and so on. Politics merely blind the people to these evils. And politics have no remedy for the problem of the "Untouchables."

Yet, although Mr. Thompson says "Dominion status (and still more, independence) will be hailed with the snarls and howls of beasts of prey about to contend for an exceedingly limited amount of flesh," he believes in Lord Irwin's policy of rapid strides towards self-government. He is very interesting on the subject of the Princes in India, but not fair to Miss Mayo's 'Mother India' and the lessons of that remarkable book.

CYRIL MARTIN

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FROM SURTEES TO SASSOON

By F. J. HARVEY DARTON

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SEED ON THE WIND

By REX STOUT

"The reactions of the five men to this enigmatic but irresistible woman are extremely well studied. . . . Of Mr. Stout's capacity to write a novel there is no doubt." *Times Literary Supplement.*

***** 22 ESSEX STREET, W.C.2 *****

SHORTER NOTICES

The Gardener's Year Book 1931. Allan. 7s. 6d.

THIS work is, as usual, a veritable mine of information on every subject that can be of interest to the gardener and the horticulturist. In addition to an account of the care of different plants and vegetables month by month, the volume includes a number of valuable articles, among which may be mentioned that by Mrs. Radice on children's gardens, while Lady Seton's essay on town garden plants is bound to prove of the greatest use to the amateur gardener in particular. The reports from experimental stations, the accounts of botanic expeditions, and the list of new and noteworthy plants all enhance the value of the Year Book, which has now established itself as an indispensable publication for all who are engaged in the craft with which it deals.

Poetic Impression of Natural Scenery. By Vaughan Cornish. Praed. 6s.

THIS is a well-illustrated and well-indexed book—both matters of particular moment in a work of this kind. The style is worthy of the subject and is to be commended for maintaining a high level of interest without monotonous reiteration of the "purple patch." The scenes which Mr. Cornish describes are very varied as regards differences of nature and nationality, and if one must be chosen as better than another, we recommend his story of ocean travels, not only on account of their intrinsic interest, but because the ability to reduce the spirit of the sea to words is a matter of great artistic difficulty, as many writers on scenery have found to their cost.

German Diplomatic Documents, 1871-1914. Vol. IV. Methuen. 21s.

THIS is the concluding volume of the series of extracts from the fifty tomes published by the German Foreign Office, and it covers the three years which immediately preceded the outbreak of war. It contains no startling revelations, but it does confirm certain estimates of character that the study of earlier documents had formed. The ex-Kaiser, for example, is clearly an indefatigable annotator of State papers, and his comments are a complete guide to the man. One fact emerges very strongly from the documents quoted in this volume, and it is the ignorance of the German authorities of all that related to the British Press: indeed, it is almost inconceivable that they should have regarded the old *Daily Graphic* as a semi-official publication. For the rest, this book, like its predecessors, can but leave upon the reader the melancholy impression that the war was inevitable.

Jew Süß Oppenheimer. By Dr. Curt Elwenspoek. Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.

DR. ELWENSPOEK'S historical study of Joseph Süß Oppenheimer would have been more useful if it had been less picturesque; as it is in its attempt "to breathe life into the personality" of the Jew financier and courtier it invites unfavourable comparison with Lion Feuchtwanger's great novel. Those, however, who have not read the novel will find Dr. Elwenspoek's historical sketch readable and exciting enough, for if the matter is gathered from "an entirely unlimited use of the legal documents," the manner is often quite romantic, and it is difficult to tell when facts pass into fancies, and fancies return to facts. Perhaps the most historically valuable passages in the book are those in which we learn from such unimpeachable evidence as



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Education for the Engineering Industry.

Part I. Report of the Committee on Education for the Engineering Industry.

Part II. Comments on the Report by Educational Bodies. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.)

R.101 INQUIRY

Report of the R.101 Inquiry. (Cmd. 3825). 2s. 6d. (2s. 9d.)

This is the full official report, with maps and diagrams, of the Committee appointed to investigate the disaster to the Airship R.101 on the 5th October, 1930.

STATISTICS

3rd Census of Production of the United Kingdom. (1924). Final Report, Vol. II. Food, Drink and Tobacco Trades and the Clothing Trades. 5s. 6d. (5s. 11d.)

20th Abstract of Labour Statistics of the United Kingdom in the period 1911 to 1929-30. (Cmd. 3831). 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d.)

This volume brings together in a compact form the principal statistics relating to employment and unemployment, unemployment insurance, wages, hours of labour, profit sharing, strikes and lockouts, cost of living, trades unions, co-operative, building and friendly societies, industrial accidents and diseases, workmen's compensation, health insurance, etc.

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TRADE

British Economic Mission to the Far East, 1930-31.

Report of the Cotton Mission. 1s. (1s. 2d.)

Australia: Economic and Trade Conditions, December, 1930. 3s. 6d. (3s. 10d.)

HEALTH

Manual of Physical Training, 1931. Cloth, 3s. (3s. 5d.)

This work, although prepared primarily for military purposes, will be found of value to all interested in physical culture. It describes numerous exercises both with and without apparatus, and includes a large number of illustrations showing the correct execution of the movements described.

All prices are net. Those in brackets are post free.

Obtainable from the Sale Offices of the Department at the following addresses:

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EDINBURGH: 120 George St. MANCHESTER: York St.

CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent. BELFAST: 15 Donegall Square West

Or through any bookseller.

contemporary popular ballads afford how bitterly the Jew was hated by the people who saw in him rather than in the Duke their despoiler. These ballads are quoted at some length in the original German, to which is appended a metrical English translation. A good deal is made of Süß's erotic adventures, and we are able to see how closely Feuchtwanger kept to the essential character of the man. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of contemporary prints, caricatures, and documents. There is a short bibliography but no index.

Spain As It Is. By Helen Cameron Gordon. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

UNLIKE a great many authors of recent books upon Spain, Miss Gordon has the happy knack of being able to sift the wheat from the chaff, and she never allows herself to be deceived by what are merely the externals of Spanish life. The result is a volume which no visitor to the Peninsula should fail to digest, and which even the student of politics might well peruse with advantage. Miss Gordon conducts her readers from Palma de Mallorca to the mainland, and thence through the more important cities of Spain. Her object, which she achieves, is fully indicated by the title of her book, and she shows how, even in this fourth decade of the twentieth century, the national life still centres round the Church and its festivals. Although she is not primarily concerned with politics, Miss Gordon pays a well-deserved tribute both to King Alfonso and to the late General Primo de Rivera, while the whole work in reality portrays the background against which the political drama is being played. The illustrations are admirable, and it is to be hoped that the book will meet with the success that it certainly merits.

Philosophy of the Unconscious. By Eduard von Hartmann. Kegan Paul. 15s.

IT was a happy idea that prompted the Editor and Publishers to add Hartmann's 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' to their International Library of Psychology, and in such a form and at such a price as to render it readily accessible to students. We have become used to portmanteau works of bulk, but the presentation of this three-volume work, written in 1868 and first published here in 1884, in one well-printed book is an enterprise that deserves to be successful. Hartmann's work, as Mr. Ogden points out in the preface he contributes, has been quarried again and again, with and without acknowledgment, by modern writers on the unconscious. Nevertheless, among the generality of students of modern experimental psychology it is probably safe to say that Hartmann is but a name. What will probably strike those who come to the work for the first time is the extreme modernity of its thought and method so that often Hartmann seems to be plagiarizing writers who have come into prominence not only since the book was written but since his death, at the age of sixty-five, in 1906.

Alfred Adler: The Pattern of Life. Edited by W. Bèran Wolfe. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

DR. WOLFE has given us a series of case histories dealt with by Dr. Adler at the new School of Social Research in New York; during a visit to that city. The cases were brought to Dr. Adler by New York physicians, psychologists, and school teachers, and were, we are told, typical of cases found in child clinics in the big American cities. It is the fate of Dr. Adler's work that it should always smack of the platitudinous; which, of course, is not his fault, as he is mainly engaged in rectifying the elementary stupidity of the average parent and guardian which seems to be even more elementary and stupid in the States than elsewhere. As an introduction to Dr. Adler's theory and method, the little book should prove useful, for Dr. Wolfe opens with an essay which explains very clearly Adler's

theory that at the basis of all human conduct, good or bad, lies that sense of inferiority which we all seek to rectify, either by actually raising ourselves to a self-respecting and socially useful superiority, or in baser and anti-social ways. The cases here dealt with describe the curiously subtle tricks which young people, often mere babies, play upon their guileless guardians. The treatment has an atmosphere of "uplift" that is somewhat embarrassing to the English mind, but as it is applied to more or less pathological cases, and, it seems, successfully, fastidiousness in regard to its method must be waived.

A History of English Elementary Education, 1760-1902. By Frank Smith. University of London. 10s. 6d.

AT the close of his comprehensive survey of elementary education in this country from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present day, Professor Smith declares that although we no longer believe that education is a panacea for all social and individual ills, in the sense that the task of the school is to protect and develop the moral, physical, intellectual and social life of the young, we have reached a wiser and truer conception of the purpose of education than was held in the nineteenth century. This, of course, is true; and it is instructive to note throughout this history how closely the fight for education marched with the struggle to rescue the children of the poor from the slavery into which the industrial revolution had forced them. Indeed, not the least valuable service of elementary education has been the substitution of the schoolmaster for the overseer, and the school for the factory. One of the most striking passages in the book is that in which the Professor compares the educational value of life as lived before the industrial revolution with that of life lived in a world where we buy our food, our clothes, our comfort, things that

Westminster Bank Leaflets

For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. Amongst its publications are the following: ¶ *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. ¶ *Thirty-nine Advantages of an Account with the Bank.* ¶ *The Saving Habit*, an outline of the Home Safe system. ¶ *Safeguards for Travellers*, a warning against carrying foreign notes. ¶ *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. ¶ *Wills, Trusts, and Settlements*, the Bank as an Executor

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our forefathers had to provide for themselves. The book appears at an opportune moment, for at last elementary education has become a beginning and not an end.

World Without End. By Helen Thomas. Heinemann. 6s.

IT was an open secret that 'As It Was,' published in 1926 as by "H. T.," was the work of Helen Thomas, and that the 'David Townsend' of its narrative was in fact that very fine poet and essayist Edward Thomas, her husband. In the present completing sequel to that account of their meeting and marriage, Mrs. Thomas openly acknowledges her authorship upon the title-page, and the publisher makes the final identification, though, presumably in order to preserve the continuity of the narrative, the fictitious name is still used. Those who have read the earlier volume, highly praised in these columns upon publication as a beautiful little story, a masterpiece of unselfconsciousness, will need no further recommendation to the present book, which carries on the tale of the poet's married life—restless, nomadic, troubled by his unsuccess and temperamental melancholy yet always basically happy—from the birth of the first child over some sixteen years to the moment of his final departure for the battle-front where he was killed. The account of that last leave at home, as of a dozen minor incidents, is utterly candid and altogether beautiful. The whole narrative is detached yet intimate, crystal-clear for all its depths of feeling, and in the sum-effect serenity rises triumphant over pain. Its interest is enhanced by, but does not depend upon, the accident that its subject is a writer beloved by many. Irrespective of that it will assuredly appeal to those who can rise to the cloudless level of its simplicity, as one of the most honest, individual, and purely lovely books of the day.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXIX

A. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Eight Guineas, and a Second Prize of Five Guineas, for the two best Essays on Modern Music.

The essays may be of any length and they may be either appreciative or critical of modern style and method in musical composition.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW cannot accept any responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, July 6, and the results will be announced in August.

B. A reader writes to suggest that in these democratic days readers should be allowed some share in setting as well as answering competitions. The idea has points, and the SATURDAY REVIEW therefore offers One Prize of a Guinea, and Two Prizes of Half a Guinea each, for the three best suggestions for competitions in this series.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, May 9, and the results will be announced at the end of May.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION XXVB JUDGE'S REPORT

The general standard of the somewhat meagre entry for this competition was not high. Bearing in mind the opportunities of the subject, this was disappointing and was mostly due to over-strong political bias, which resulted in rather impossible conversations. (It was interesting to note that extremist opinions are generally credited to the members of H.M. present Government,

YOFUKU

or, "Japan in Trousers"

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WISHART

which in view of their actual record is perhaps surprising.)

The entry of W. G. was good in style and had the most convincing presentation, but the actual subject matter was not of equal merit. T. E. Oliver distinguished himself by an unexpected and ingeniously contrived ending, and it is a pity that he did not work out his entry in more detail. I had difficulty in deciding between Porcepic and L. V. Upward in considering the first prize winner, but although the theme of the latter was entertaining and the method of treating it good, the cynical probability of Porcepic's conversation gained the guinea and a half, with L. V. Upward second.

FIRST PRIZE

"But, my dear Norman, you haven't left me a thing to say—it's all typed out, and you know how I hated reading your last effort."

"Can't help it, my dear fellow. You see, you are the plain, blunt man, and we cannot leave those gaps which we did for Churchill, who has some skill in rhetoric and can turn a neat phrase."

"But this is preposterous—you're actually dictating to me. . . ."

"Gently, gently. What can I do? Morgan and Schroeder, and Loeb and Baruch have all seen the draft, and they say that it's the very thing for you . . . just your style. . . ."

"But it's got no style at all. . . ."

"I find this weather very trying, don't you?"

"Well, the country won't stand it. . . ."

"They have stood it for ten years or so, and they have plenty to keep their minds off finance, what with India and wicked Russia, and breaking speed records, and Persian exhibition. . . ."

"But I may become actually unpopular. . . ."

"Martyrdom in a good cause, my dear fellow; it will be accounted to you for zeal in the States. Did you go to the Persian exhibition?"

"But my wife even says. . . ."

PORCEPIC

SECOND PRIZE

It would seem that not even Cabinet Ministers are immune from the slings and arrows of an outrageous telephone service. While Mr. Clynes was telephoning certain instructions to the Commissioner of Police last night, a bright young thing at the exchange connected his line with one which was carrying an excellent programme of dance music from the Savoy Hotel to Brookman's Park for broadcasting purposes, and just before midnight listeners were astounded to hear the well-known tones of the Home Secretary's voice mingling with the strains of 'Oh, you Precious Baby.'

"You must use tact," he was heard to say. "His Majesty's Government do not wish to give the impression that they are interfering with the liberty of the Press in any way. But at the same time, Mr. A. P. Herbert must be given clearly to understand that this series of articles cannot be permitted to continue—at least, not in the same strain. To sing the praises of individual liberty is one thing; to advocate a deliberate breach of the law, in order to uphold liberty, is another—quite another. His Majesty's Government cannot be expected to tolerate such unconstitutional proceedings. Make that perfectly clear, will you? I suggest that you allow a warrant to project from your pocket during the interview. Do not serve it, of course, nor refer to it, except as a last resort; just let him see that you have it. I think that should prove sufficient."

At this point a charming, if somewhat nasal, tenor voice began harmoniously to assure the world that His Majesty's Horses and His Majesty's Men were used principally for purposes of decoration, or words to that effect, and the rest of the Home Secretary's remarks were lost.

L. V. UPWARD

ART NOTES

PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE

BY ADRIAN BURY

ETHEL WALKER

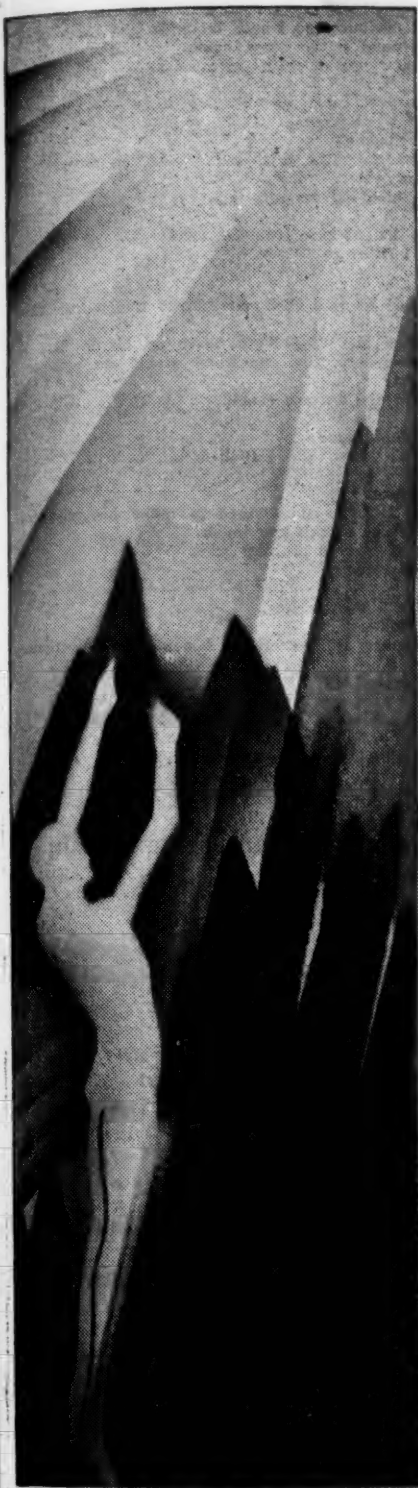
MISS ETHEL WALKER is the most interesting of our women-painters. She has a sense of colour in her landscape work which is always distinguished and beautiful. And she has been wise in keeping impressionism under control of her own personality. If Miss Walker has felt many good influences in modern art, her own genius has never been submerged by them. Indeed, we look at her landscapes and seascapes and enjoy them because none other than Miss Walker could have painted them with such fresh and invigorating inspiration. 'An October Evening,' 'An August Afternoon,' 'Return of the Lifeboat' reveal her deep reverence for Nature. There are captious people who might demand more form in Miss Walker's work, particularly in her portraits, but we imagine that an access of drawing power would only dissolve the mystery of her exquisite colour and fastidious taste. Miss Walker's Exhibition is a delight.

STEINLEN

It is something of an experience to look at the least note by Steinlen. He was an artist of intense feeling and infallible technique. There are many excellent examples of his art at the Leicester Galleries. Unlike other draughtsmen who draw for the newspapers, Steinlen is seldom superficial because his wit, pathos and characterization have a profundity that places his drawings far above mere ingenious topicality. There is masterly style in the drawings entitled 'Une Paysanne sous les Grands Arbres' and 'La Veuve.' But he could also be savagely ironical as in 'Réhabilitation Cavale et Exécution Militaire' and 'Association de Malfaiteurs.' In a few lines Steinlen could convey a whole chapter of tenderness or censure.

HENRY MOORE

If, as Mr. Epstein says in his preface to Mr. Henry Moore's sculpture at the Leicester Galleries, this sculptor is vitally important, we despair of the future. However much he is applauded by the modern critic and artist, we refuse to regard Mr. Moore as important because his mind, far from being inventive and imaginative, is sterile and simple to the point of negation. Such sculpture is trying to lead us away from civilization. Possibly this is a compliment to Mr. Moore. A city which would be architecturally suited for the display of these symbols would be beyond endurance. Mr. Moore improvises upon the human form with a certain wilful and self-conscious discordancy, and the result is frequently no more satisfying than a stone moulded by the elements. In fact some of the pebbles to be picked up on the beach are quite as illuminating as Mr. Moore's conceptions, and while we have enough imagination to wonder at all things, we are not always in the mood to praise. This sort of sculpture, like the drawings exhibited in the same room, is far too easy to do, given an arrogant contempt for European tradition, and we suggest that it would be possible to produce an illimitable number of Henry Moore's to one Della Quercia or Rodin. And this is the danger at a time when many people are so completely bored that they must have some form of novelty or sensation in art. There is a type of mind that is easily stampeded into acceptance of something different either in art or religion, but it will be a long time before such work is generally acclaimed, if ever. The whole mentality of our culture must be revolutionized. We shall have to forget all we have learnt, and to effect this an army of Moores might not be sufficient.



THE ROAD BACK TO YOUTH—

THE corner by the fireside, the ingle nook, the backwaters of life ; these are the prerogatives of the old, the places for those of us who have reached or are nearing our three score years and ten ! And yet how tiny this life of ours when compared with the march of the centuries !

THE miracle of spring is yet unfolding before our eyes, and nature bestirs herself from her long sleep. In the woods the starlike primroses cluster among the moss, and the pale snowdrops hide from the vagrant winds.

THE path of the sun upon dancing waves ; the murmur of running brooks ; the tender green of newborn leaves against the wet black of woodland trees ; nature's gifts to mankind.

OF what use is the pageantry of life to those of us who are old and sick ?

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SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER recently said : " Disease is the result of ignorance."

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XXV

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

By MOPO

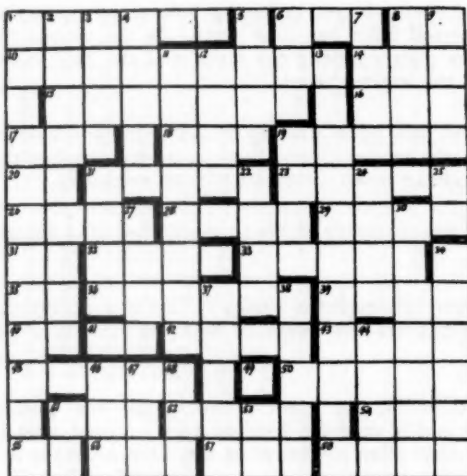
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from the lyrics of a cavalier and poet of the seventeenth century, viz.:

21a, 37, 53, 51a, 49, 1a, 8,
46, 3, 24, 49, 28,
50, 11, 6a, 19a, 42,
9, 56 rev., 25, 10.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE.

Across.

CLUES.

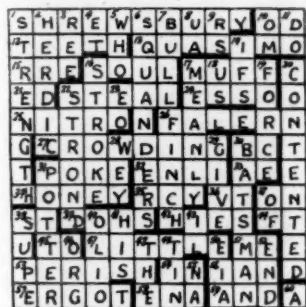
1. The author of the hidden quotation was here when he wrote it.
8. A little wine made from my big grapes will be welcome now.
10. The missing vicar of Gouda was living in a this whilst Margaret Brandt was searching for him.
14. rev. The Scotch have this.
15. This bastion safeguards the fortification during erection.
16. Give me 41 to make me disperse.
17. When I go before 20 rev. you should hear my language!
18. Casket for a great man's table requisites.
19. "With — eyes unfaithful to the truth."
20. See 17.
21. The thrush family provide my chatter but my snipe is the greater tell-tale.
23. Round about a yard and a quarter a shade is useful to protect you from the sun.
26. Confidential to crowd.
28. Cardinal Balue tested the efficiency of this invention of his in the castle of Loches.
29. Grieve.
31. See 35.
32. Unicorn or wild-ox.
33. "To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the — bush on the height."

35. A capsule after 31 rev., or the smallest of the litter after 53.
36. The coin is obviously no longer there, so the Scots' man has turned round to go home again.
39. Long winding ridges of gravel in Sweden.
41. See 16.
42. "Shall the son of England prove a thief and — purses?"
43. Belch me for a politician.
- 45 and 40. The dugong.
52. An edition before 51d in which italics were first used.
54. A passage for water.
55. A waterfall after 56 rev.
56. See 55.
57. Call for help that nothing can make indifferent.
58. This brings fertility to 48 rev.

Down.

1. Dunois accused Joan of this and said he was a little this himself.
2. If the Thames had been frozen over on March 21st it would not have been this, and where would the boat-race have been then?
3. When I'm sided I become rough.
4. Touchwood.
5. Deep-sea fishing-ground.
6. Adorn me with 7 rev. and I shall be adorned.
7. See 6.
8. Equal to Spenser.
11. The humane Mikado endeavoured to make his prisoners represent a source of this merriment.
12. Allot this to Spenser to provoke grief.
13. This is for to-morrow.
19. Heifer.
21. Proclaim a flock of wild-fowl.
22. A corrupted riddle.
24. Units of pressure are sometimes honourable distinctions.
27. Ruddle.
30. Simple, straight spicule.
34. Markets.
38. Worth half two-thirds of a donkey in ancient Rome.
44. See 47.
47. I am at 44 with 51 according to Spenser.
48. See 58.
51. See 52 and 47.
53. See 35.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXIII



QUOTATION.

"Give me the batsman who squanders his force on me,
Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke;
Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewsbury,
Meanly contented to potter and poke."

E. V. Lucas, 'The Cricket Ball Sings'

NOTES.

Across: 1, 11 'Henry IV,' I, 1 (induc.); 12, 'Romeo and Juliet,' I, 3; 13, Quasimodo (1st Sunday after Easter); 15, Narre; 16, Browning, 'Saul'; 17, E. Wallace, 'More Ed. Evans'; 21, Orged; 24, Essoin; 25, Browning, 'Epistle of Karshish'; 26, Falernian; 27, 'Henry V,' I, 2; 31, 'As You Like It,' II, 8; 32, Enlist; 34, Browning, 'Fifine at the Fair'; 36, V(e)t(o); 42, 'Othello,' V, 1; 44, F(on)t; 47, 'Poetical Works of Th. Little'; 53, Anag.
Down: 1, Keats, 'Sleep and Poetry'; 2, Anag. of "dreich"; 3, Two meanings; 4, Meet; 8 and 9, Urso; 10 and 11, "doom"; 14, 'As You Like It,' V, 4; 16, Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum'; 19, Corfe Castle (an.); 43, Toil; 49, Tinea; 50 and 52, Aeneid; 55, Anecdote.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXIII

The winner is Miss E. Hearnden, 24 Chalgrove Road, Sutton, who has chosen for her prize 'The Grass Roof,' by Younghill Kang. (Scribners, 10s. 6d.)

A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competition and to post their solutions in good time.

THIS WEEK

Relations of Life and Matter

By CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Wonder of the Heavens

By Rev. J. E. G. SWEETNEM

In the Heart of South London

By the BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK

Two Witnesses to the Sacraments

By Rev. A. H. FINN

Sermon Outlines

By ARCHDEACON V. F. STORR

The Crisis in Spain

The Book Window

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 473

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, April 30)

FAMED WESTERN HEIGHTS WHOSE GRASS FEEDS MANY SHEEP.
CAVERNOUS LIMESTONE CLIFFS, BOTH HIGH AND STEEP.
THE FIRST IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE YOU'LL FIND WITH EASE,
THE LAST WILL BRING TO MIND A FAMOUS CHEESE.

1. Decapitate what now employs your mind,
2. and then a fish of wondrous healthy kind.
3. By jogging on and on I won the race.
4. Near village inn set up by Boniface.
5. Blows where it lists, nor will obey man's call.
6. Clip fore and aft the guardian of us all.
7. See him, with Milton, holding both his sides.
8. Curtail the blind men's goal who trust blind guides.
9. My sovereign lord your epic poet sings.
10. Behead this careless bird that lost its wings.
11. From me you next must snatch two-thirds away.
12. Such are our garments when they've had their day.
13. This sign 'twixt Goat and Scorpion you may spy;
They deemed it lucky in the days gone by.

Solution of Acrostic No. 471

T	ale	S ¹	1 "Upon this Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz
H	ypochondri	A	prayed a <i>tales</i> "; i.e., asked that the
E	xhibitio	N	places of the two missing jurors.
S	tratage	M ²	might be filled from among the by-
T	r	Im	standers having suitable qualifica-
O	rifi	Ce	tions.
R	eac	H	'Pickwick Papers,' ch. 34
Y	ester-ev	E	² Odyssey, iv, 271.
O	x-tai	L	³ Matt. ii, 11.
F	rankincens	E ³	

ACROSTIC No. 471.—The winner is "A. E.," Miss Arrow-smith, 7 King's Mansions, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, who has selected as her prize 'The Tragic Queen,' by Andrew Dakers, published by Hutchinson and reviewed in our columns on April 11. Seventeen other competitors named this book, eight chose 'Memoirs of Garibaldi,' etc., etc.,

ALSO CORRECT.—Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Carlton, Gay, George W. Miller, F. M. Petty, Shorwell.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, E. Barrett, Bobs, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Clam, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Gean, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Madge, Martha, Met, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. G. Neal, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Peter, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Captain W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, Maud Crowther, J. Fincham, Fossil, Glamis, Iago, Jeff, Lilian, Lady Mottram, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 40 solvers; Lights 1, 2 and 4, 4; Light 3, 2; Light 5, 1. For Light 8 Yester-eve seems very much better than Yore, which is now used only in the adverbial phrase "of yore."

TYRO.—It is impossible for us to ascertain who is at fault if solutions do not reach us at the proper time. The only advice we can give solvers is to post as early as possible.

C. E. FORD.—Meal is defined as the *edible part* of certain seeds, but it is not a seed, and I do not think it a good answer to Light 9 of No. 469.

D. L.—The Story of San Michele is such a charming book that I am sure you will thank me for introducing it to your notice. All the Lights but one were rather easy, so that it was not difficult to find the Uprights. Like other solvers, you may have a run of luck at any time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE close proximity of Budget day has, as is only natural, had a depressing effect on stock markets, and has led to a further curtailment in the volume of business. The fact is fully appreciated that Mr. Snowden will have a deplorable tale to unfold on Monday. He is likely to make the best of a bad position, but the cardinal fact remains that the Budget will supply further evidence that the word "economy" is not included in the Socialist vocabulary, with the result that the crippling incubus of taxation has again to be increased. Once the Budget is out of the way and the worst is known, it is possible that markets may again display a tendency to go ahead on hopes that before the next Budget is introduced there will be a change in our home political position.

In addition to the Budget, however, markets have been adversely affected by several other factors. Although the direct financial interest in Spain is small as far as investors in this country are concerned, the recent happenings in the Peninsula have had a very disquieting effect on Continental Bourses, with the result that it has led to the offering on our market of a wide range of international favourites.

Another disconcerting factor has been the renewed depression in the price of oil shares. The oil position, when analysed, bears close resemblance to so many other commodities. Production during recent years has shown enormous expansion, not through the opening up of vast new oilfields, but by the improvement in the methods of cracking and distillation, which has led to the gallon of oil producing a far greater percentage of petrol than heretofore. On the other hand, while during recent years consumption has also gone ahead, in 1930 this was not the case, with the result that during the past few months the oil position has taken a decided turn for the worse. In addition to this problem of production and consumption, the big oil combines are faced with a breakdown of the existing agreements in certain directions, leading to cut-throat competition, while the normal remedy of restricting output appears an extremely difficult one to introduce successfully, owing to the large number of small producers who must sell their product at the best price obtainable, no matter how uneconomic this may prove to be. The shares of the great oil combines have always been favoured by investors in this country. The financial strength of the companies concerned was deemed to be beyond question, and the present position was as difficult to foresee as it is to visualize accurately now that it has materialized. It would seem, however, that the oil share market is by no means through its troubles, and holders of oil shares must be prepared to see the prices of their investments receding still further.

Interest at the moment is largely focussed on the forthcoming dividend declarations, but a fact that must not be overlooked is that these cover 1930, and as the position has grown so much worse during the recent months, it would appear that any cuts in dividends found necessary for 1930 will probably prove much less than those that at this time next year will have to be made for 1931.

HOME RAILS

When with general market conditions we couple decreasing traffic, it can readily be understood why counters in the home railway market continue to be so depressed. The majority are now standing at record low levels. It would appear that those who have the necessary courage would probably find a purchase of, say, Great Western Railway ordinary stock at the present level productive of a satisfactory profit within, say, the next twelve months. Anyone pursuing this course must realize, however, that quite possibly he

may see lower quotations in the intervals, but if there is to be any revival in the industry of this country, and it is unthinkable that present conditions can last indefinitely, it must be reflected in an improved position in our railways.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS

The shares of the Underground Electric Railways Company (of London) Ltd. have been a somewhat dull market ever since the announcement of the London Traffic Scheme. It is suggested that this setback in price is not justified. For the past two years dividends of 8 per cent. have been paid on these ordinary shares, and it is felt that no matter what form the eventual scheme will take, shareholders will receive in exchange for their existing holdings a security that would have a market value of more than the present quotation for these shares. In these circumstances, it would appear that Underground Ordinary should prove well worth locking away at the present level.

UNION CORPORATION

Despite the fact that the Union Corporation report shows a material decrease in realized net profits as compared with the previous year, it is felt that after carefully scrutinizing the recent report shareholders will realize that they have little cause for anxiety as regards their holdings in this very soundly administered company. While the Union Corporation's South African interests have continued to make excellent progress, its other interests have suffered, particularly its holding in the San Francisco Mines of Mexico, the revenue-earning capacity of which has been very materially decreased as a result of the fall in the price of base metals. Presumably, in normal times the Union Corporation derives a certain part of its revenue from Stock Exchange operations; this, obviously, was not possible in 1930. Its balance sheet, however, shows an extremely sound position, the strength of which lies in the Corporation's very liquid position, its cash on deposit and current account amounting to no less a sum than £1,435,040, which compares with an issued capital of £875,000 in shares of a nominal value of 12s. 6d. In the report shareholders are notified that the Corporation has acquired an interest in the Grootvlei Proprietary Mines, which adjoin the East Geduld property, and which, presumably, the Union Corporation will develop jointly with the African and European Investment Company. This Grootvlei property appears to possess decided possibilities, and although the interest is obviously a speculative one at the present juncture, it seems likely to add materially to the Union Corporation's revenue in years to come.

BORAX CONSOLIDATED

There has been a fair amount of quiet buying of late of the Deferred Ordinary shares of Borax Consolidated Ltd., as it is believed that this company has turned the corner and that its recently acquired potash interests will add materially to its future prosperity. Ranking in front of the Deferred Ordinary shares of this company are 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares of £5. No dividend was paid on these Preferred Ordinary shares for the year ended September 30, 1930, while the question of payment for the current year has been postponed until after the accounts are completed. Nevertheless, it is felt that anyone wishing to interest himself in this company should choose these Preferred Ordinary shares at the present level rather than the Deferred. The present price of the Deferred shares indicates a belief that the Preferred Ordinary in due course will re-enter the dividend list, and as at the present price of these £5 shares, were the full 6 per cent. dividend to be paid, a yield in the neighbourhood of 11 per cent. would be shown, they appear a bargain well worth locking away at the present level.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

MORRIS

MOTORS LIMITED

Report of the FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

18th APRIL, 1931

Excellent Trading Results for 1930

Financial Position still further strengthened

Net Profits of £1,303,308 10s. 4d.

Tangible Assets Exceed Preference Shareholdings by £4,072,494

THE Fifth Annual General Meeting of Morris Motors Limited was held at the Registered Office of the Company at Cowley, Oxford, at 9.15 a.m. on 18th April, 1931, Sir William R. Morris, Bt., Chairman and Managing Director of the Company, presiding. The Secretary, Mr. S. G. K. Smallbone, read the notice convening the Meeting, and the Auditors' report to the Shareholders was read.

The Chairman, in proposing that the Directors' Report and the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1930, be approved and adopted, said:—

"I feel that I am justified in stating that we have every reason to be satisfied with the Balance Sheet for the year 1930, and I presume that I can take the Accounts and Report now before you as read.

"The profit on trading and the interest received for the year amounted together to £1,303,308 10s. 4d., which figure is arrived at after making full provision for depreciation of assets and all contingencies that are likely to arise. As you know, the accounts of the Company are always drawn on a thoroughly conservative basis.

"The Government Securities are shown at their market value as on 31st December, 1930, and the sum of £114,382 8s. 7d. resulting from an appreciation of their value during the year is included in the reserve for contingencies, which figure, as you observe, is £517,020 18s. 9d.

NET PROFIT £1,303,308 10s. 4d.

"To the net profit on trading and the interest and dividends received on securities, together amounting to £1,303,308 10s. 4d., there has to be added the balance of £118,753 3s. 4d. brought forward from last year and also the profit of £9,407 5s. 1d. realized on the sale of investments, making a total of £1,431,468 18s. 9d. Thus, after payment of the Preference Dividend of £225,000, and the provision of £257,313 17s. 6d. for the payment of income tax, there remains a disposable balance of £949,155 1s. 3d.

"Your Directors recommend the declaration of a dividend of 10 per cent. free of tax on the Ordinary Shares, and in this connexion it is not out of place for me to mention that the Reserve Fund in the Balance Sheet before you stands at £2,000,000.

"In order still further to strengthen the position of the Company, the Balance Sheet value of Goodwill, Patents and Trade Marks is being written down by the sum of £391,043 4s. 1d., thus reducing this item on the Balance Sheet to £600,000, a figure less than half of one year's average profits since the formation of the Company. A sum of £100,000 is transferred to Reserve for Income Tax and there remains to carry forward to next year's Balance Sheet the sum of £258,111 17s. 2d.

"Your Directors have always felt it their duty to take the utmost care of the interests of the Preference Shareholders, and it is with considerable satisfaction that I am able to point out that at the present time our net tangible assets are £4,072,494 in excess of the Preference Share Capital; further, we have Government Securities to the value of £2,802,625, and since the formation of the Company its average yearly earnings have been sufficient to cover the Preference Dividend more than 5½ times.

"These results are very gratifying, especially in view of the fact that the latter part of the year 1930 was admittedly a very difficult time for all British manufacturers, and I think you will agree with me when I say that the excellent results shown have only been obtained by the consistent pursuance by your Directors of a progressive but stabilized policy and the active promotion of business by every possible means.

"As the result of this policy the position of the Company is stronger to-day than ever, and its products continue to command wide and well deserved popularity both in Home and Overseas Markets.

INTRODUCTION OF NEW RANGE OF CARS

"Since the period under review the introduction by the Company of the first commercially successful British car to sell at the round figure of £100 was accomplished, and I am glad to be able to tell you that this car—the Morris Minor S.V. Two-seater—and the corresponding Saloon models on the same chassis have met with a very favourable and encouraging response from the Public.

"In these days, when the need for the utmost economy on the part of the Public is of paramount importance, the introduction of this range of reliable, good-looking and eminently serviceable low-priced motorcars has added considerably to the popularity of the Company's products. At the same time, you will be interested to know that the Morris Minor Overhead Valve models continue to maintain their great popularity.

"It is not my intention to dilate at length on the successes achieved by our various models in different markets, but I should like to mention the wide appeal which our Six-cylinder Cars made to the Public during the year 1930. To the 15 h.p. Six-cylinder Morris-Oxford was added a somewhat smaller and lower priced car—the Morris Major—and these two cars have undoubtedly created a new standard in motoring values. In the higher priced class the 18 h.p. Six-cylinder Morris Isis maintains its position as outstanding value, while in so far as the ubiquitous Morris-Cowley is concerned you will, I am sure, be gratified to know that it commands over seventy per cent. of the total sales in the 12 h.p. class in this country.

"There is one point which I would like to emphasize, and that is the wide range of appeal of our products, which vary in price from £100 to £350, thus meeting the demands of all classes.

"During the past year we have considerably consolidated our Distributor and Dealer Organizations with improved sales and service results and appreciable benefit to the Company.

REDUCTIONS IN PRICES UNLIKELY

"The Motor Trade of this country is faced with difficulties that seem to increase rather than decrease year by year, and I feel that I am justified in saying that it is extremely unlikely that the average prices of British-made motorcars will fall to any extent in the near future.

"The selling price of any manufactured article depends on three factors—the cost of raw materials, the efficiency of the productive organization, and the quantity sold. I am satisfied that we have a productive organization that is extremely efficient and very well managed; but the price of raw materials and the potential total sales of cars to-day are very largely governed by factors outside our control.

"The purchasing power of the public during the year 1930 was not so high as it has been in previous years, and until some measure of confidence is established among all sections of the community it does not seem to me that this purchasing power is likely to increase greatly.

"In addition, British Motorcar Manufacturers have to face extremely high burdens of taxation. During the year 1930 no less than approximately £42,000,000 was contributed to the National Exchequer by Registration and Petrol Taxation on Motor Vehicles, and there is no doubt that motorcar users as a

class in this country are very heavily over-taxed. This reacts unfavourably on employment conditions in the industry and on the development of Overseas business.

"The success achieved by the British Motor Industry under existing conditions is unquestionably a tribute to the policy of the Safeguarding of Industries. Were it not for the existence of the McKenna Duties the Motor Manufacturing Trade of this country could not hope to achieve the results that it has done. Yet prices have never been lower or the efficiency of motorcars higher than they are to-day, the fact being that a defended Home Market assures an output sufficient to maintain economy in production costs and consequently low prices to the public.

OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENTS

"In connexion with Overseas trade, you will be interested to know that your Company is developing and establishing a series of Depots in important markets, whereat spare parts and service facilities will be available to augment the activities of our Distributors and Dealers in these markets.

"We now have selling organizations in all the most important markets of the world, and, despite price cutting by foreign manufacturers resultant upon the world-wide depression in trade, we are stabilizing our export business. I personally have recently returned from Buenos Aires, and am extremely gratified with the results of the British Trade Exhibition that was held there. There is no doubt that, given stable conditions on the Home Market, British Export Trade, both in cars and other products, will show an upward trend in the near future.

"Again I want here publicly to pay high tribute to the continued loyalty of the Executive, Staff, and all Employees of the Company.

"I have pleasure in formally moving the adoption of the Balance Sheet and Report."

Mr. E. H. Blake, Deputy Managing Director, seconded the resolution, which was carried.

The following were duly re-elected to the Board of Directors: Mr. H. Landstad, Mr. A. A. Rowse, Mr. H. A. Ryder, Mr. H. Seaward, Mr. S. G. K. Smallbone, Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, Mr. F. G. Woollard and Mr. H. W. Young.

Messrs. Thornton and Thornton, of Oxford and London, were re-elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

SCHWEPPE'S, LTD.

The Thirty-fourth Annual General Meeting of Schweppes, Ltd., was held on Thursday last in London.

Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O. (the Chairman), said that the gross profit for the past year was £298,000 against £330,000 last year, and the net profit, at £145,897, compared with £180,285. In view of the trade depression in this country and the deplorable state of affairs in Australia, he thought it would be agreed that the results were very satisfactory. In spite of the difficulties which they, like all other businesses, were experiencing, the company's financial position was sound. Investments in subsidiary companies had increased from £132,536 to £344,916, which was accounted for by the acquisition of the controlling interest in Kia-Ora.

Although there might be some disappointment at the board's recommendation to pay reduced dividends, he thought the results would be considered good, for the summer of 1930 was one of the worst they had experienced for some years, also the decreased spending power of the public all over the world had to some extent been reflected in their home and export trade. Their Australian trade had suffered from the severe depression and the uncertainty of the political situation prevailing in that country, and he feared that rock bottom had not yet been reached. They were more than holding their own in the volume of trade offering, but their profits from this source could only recover in proportion to the recovery in Australia generally. The various Commonwealth and State taxes were making serious inroads into their Australian profits, and no relief could be looked for in this direction for some considerable time to come. The companies allied to Schweppes, Ltd., had also experienced rather difficult times, but like the parent company, they were more than holding their own, and when a trade revival came along, they also could take full advantage. A company such as theirs felt the full effect not only of the high rate of income tax but of the other forms of taxation levied on the industries of the country; last year the company paid to the Government and other local authorities in respect of rates and taxes, more than double the amount of the dividends now recommended, it would be appreciated how urgent was the need for public economy. In making the recommendation to pay 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares as against £9 6s. 3d. for last year, and 7 per cent. on the deferred shares as against 10 per cent., and carrying forward £48,000 as against £36,000 brought in, the board felt that they were looking after the interests of the shareholders by conserving the finances of the company.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

OUR 25th BIRTHDAY

All who are interested in the sea should buy and read the May issue of The Yachting Monthly—the special 25th Birthday number.

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